

THE LIVING AGE

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THE EXTERMINATION OF THE SUBMARINE

BY L. COPE CORNFORD

THERE was a period of the great war during which — so we may prefigure the judicial observation of the future historian — during which (he writes) the British nation was forced to contemplate the possibility of being starved to concede an ignominious surrender or, at best, to conclude a humiliating compromise. Once (he continues) the proud mistress of the seas, and still imposing her will upon the formidable fleet of her adversary, Britain found her sea-power (a favorite phrase of that epoch) challenged and nullified at every turn by that recent and deadly invention, the submarine torpedo vessel. In one week, no less than forty merchant ships were sunk with their cargoes; the weekly toll of piracy varied from five or six to eighteen or twenty vessels; and although it cannot be said that there was actual want, it is undoubtedly the case that a general scarcity of food began to prevail. But the spirit of the people never wavered. . . . Here the historian, who with a quaint simplicity affects the tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles of the Georgian era, takes off his glasses and stares out of the window at the

smokeless blue. 'I wonder, did it waver?' he says dubiously.

How, indeed, should he know? The movements of the spirit of man are elusive and swiftly transitory. But in fact the English are hard to move, extremely reluctant to entertain disagreeable impressions, and almost incapable of believing that any other power on earth, or sea, or under the sea could defeat the British navy.

Whether or not the Englishman knew from week to week the actual state of the case would have made but little difference to his feelings. He did in fact know very little, and that little was all on the wrong side of the account. But the Admiralty said at intervals that the submarine would not decide the war. That was enough. And the moment has come to say that the Admiralty were right. They made themselves right. Only the Admiralty and the fighting men at sea and in the air know exactly how it was done. The historian of the future may learn in detail how it was done; but it is odds that after the war — if there is an after the war — people will be too tired to read his monumental disquisition. So it is well

to learn what we can while we can.

The air and the sea round these islands have become full of eyes, like the beast in the Apocalypse. Eyes in aeroplanes, seaplanes, airships; eyes in submarines and surface craft. Floating between the gray cope of heaven and the wrinkled plain of the sea hangs an airship. She wears an aspect of brooding over the waters. Her eyes are scanning the moving and whitened field beneath them. Eastward, the dawn fires the sullen wrack; and the sombre headlands, their bases ringed about with foam, lighten. Far out to sea, a steamer, looking little as a toy, moves with incredible slowness beneath a plume of smoke; beyond, smears upon the faint horizon indicate other vessels. The men in the car of the airship, swinging level with the wide rim of the sea, have long ago become accustomed to looking down, like the god of the ancients, upon the insects swimming upon the sea he made. They are wholly occupied in seeking for their prey. Presently the watchers discern upon the sliding surface of the water a mark like the print of a bird's foot—a long V, lengthening. It is the wake of a periscope. This is luck indeed. The airship tilts downwards, comes level again, and the officer pulls a lever, releasing a bomb. The long dark shape slants swiftly downwards, and plunges. In a few seconds there is a muffled detonation, and a fountain of water leaps high. Another bomb follows, and another. At the same time a wireless message spreads instantaneously from the airship and begins to vibrate in the ears of the signalmen in ships scattered far and wide. At the same time flashing signals are made to the nearer vessels. The airship hovers where she is; and the men mark a dark oily stain spreading, and spreading, and smoothing the

waves. It is dotted here and there with pieces of wreckage. Presently five or six trawlers come steaming up to investigate, and the airship glides away. That was a lucky shot.

More often there is no sign after the bomb has been dropped; or there is a smaller area of spreading oil, denoting what is probably slight damage. An airship, sailing high, once dropped bombs upon certain long, black objects, which were most likely whales.

Or the airship assembles the hunting party. Cruising alone, she sights the conning tower of a submarine a long way off. There is a destroyer visible, and the destroyer is promptly informed. The men in the airship see the sparks volleying from her wide funnels as she goes about. At the same time the nearest motor launch (or M.L.) flotilla receives the summons, and the leader of the trawler section. These all take their places with the accuracy of a quadrille. They have their own means of discovering the approximate position of the submarine, whether the pirate be escaping or sitting on the bottom of the sea waiting for the trouble to blow over.

But whether she goes or stays, every pallid German in the belly of the submarine is also waiting for the deadly depth charge. It is not necessary to hit the vessel. The shock is so tremendous, even at a certain distance, that the lights go out in the submarine, the engines are shaken out of gear, and the plates begin to open out like a flower. Explode the depth charge a little nearer to her, and the submarine is shattered. It is what the German must hope for, even pray for; because if the explosion does no more than open leaks, the water, gradually rising in the vessel, compresses the air, and also makes

chlorine gas, and death comes by slow torture. Better, in fact, come to the surface and fight it out or surrender. It has almost come to that with the submarine; that it is safer for her to do murder in the light of day.

There are about eighteen hours of daylight at this time of year; and were a spectator to be suspended so high in air that he could miraculously survey the isles of Britain lying beneath him like a child's garden, he would see a chain of moving silver dots surrounding the whole jagged coastline. He would also remark the seaplanes, darker and swifter specks, like birds. They are quicker in pursuit than the airships, but their endurance in the air is, of course, shorter. Swooping low, they drop their bombs over the patch of troubled water revealing the enemy below, or over the feather of the moving periscope. If they catch a submarine on the surface, they have need of swiftness, for their quarry can submerge in thirty seconds.

The British seaplane squadrons are frequently met by enemy seaplanes. In the North Sea two British seaplanes met five of the enemy. Two of the enemy attacked one of the British seaplanes, which was a long way behind its leader, and which put up a running fight. The leading British seaplane manoeuvred to attack the three enemy single-seaters from their rear, at a range of 200 to 300 yards. Steering zigzag, and firing to the front, he hit a single-seater, which turned sharply to port, side-slipped, and crashed into the sea, whereupon the rest of the Germans incontinently fled.

In another fight over the North Sea a British Sopwith, a long way from his base, perceiving an enemy, attacked him 'from the sun,' as the phrase goes. The attacker thus has

the light behind him, and the attacked has it right in his eyes. The Sopwith opened fire at fifty yards, whereupon the German dived, streaming smoke; one of his wings dropped off, and he fell headlong into the sea.

But it is not all victory. There is a sad record of a seaplane flying somewhere far out to sea, whose signals of distress were received, but owing to some defect in her signaling apparatus, her description of her position was unintelligible. A gale was blowing up; seaplanes went in the teeth of it to search for the craft in distress; but they could not find her. The wreck of her was afterwards washed on shore. Pilot and observer were never seen again. The war in the air is a boys' war; and these two lads, lost in the air many miles out at sea, fought to the last. Their engine was out of order; the wireless would not work properly; the darkness was gathering, and a storm was rising. Swinging and buffeted high up in the night, they knew that the end was approaching. Perhaps they put the nose of the machine down at the last, on the chance of riding out the gale on the floats. Other lads have done it; have clung to the floats for days and nights; and when they were taken off they were rigid like wood. But whatever happened on that night, be sure the boys' hearts did not fail them. . . .

Airship and aeroplane work with the patrolling destroyer flotillas, which are organized separately from the destroyers on duty with the Fleet. Many hundreds of sea-miles they cover, and never see a submarine. And then upon a day, it happens, as it happened to H.M.S. —, early one fine morning. She was cruising at fifteen knots, which is a gentle stroll for a destroyer, when her captain sighted a submarine lying on the surface, little more than 200 yards

distant. He rang down for full speed, put the helm hard over, the boat heeling nearly rail under, and ran straight upon the enemy. The steel stem of a destroyer curves outwards under water, so that at the keel there is a sharp projection like an adze. H.M.S. — struck the submarine just forward of the conning tower, and cut right through the vessel. The destroyer captain turned sixteen points, or at a right angle, and released a depth charge, and then another. The sea became darkly suffused with oil.

Another episode. H.M.S. —, destroyer, cruising at twenty knots, sighted a periscope. It feathered the water some forty yards distant on the starboard beam. The commander put his helm hard over, dropped a depth charge on the starboard side, dropped another on the port side. Then, circling under starboard helm, he dropped a depth charge midway between the first two, and then another. Columns of water rose high above the masthead, and the destroyer leaped and shivered as the charges exploded deep down. And 'simultaneously with the fourth explosion seven bodies appeared on the surface.' Boats were lowered. One of the bodies still had life in it, and that man was saved.

With the aircraft work the destroyers, and with the destroyers work the trawlers, not to be confused with the mine-sweeping trawlers, which are separately organized.

Upon a day two trawlers were escorting a steamer off the coast, when they heard a heavy explosion, and beheld a fountain of water rise close to the shore. That was the beginning of a busy time. The explosion was the explosion of a torpedo which, fired from a submarine at the steamer, had missed her. Whether or not the two trawlers at first under-

stood what had happened, they understood eleven minutes later, when there was a second explosion, and their stricken convoy staggered and began to settle down. Two more trawlers came bustling up and took her in tow, while the two trawlers of the escort circled round and round her. Presently one of them, observing a smooth patch of water, dropped a depth charge in that place. But no signs of destruction appeared. Then an airship hove upon the sky, and signaled the position of the enemy. The other trawler hurried to it and dropped a depth charge. Still no signs of destruction. Half an hour later, the same trawler saw a periscope about 500 yards distant, pursued it, and dropped a depth charge. Still no result. Once more the airship spotted the enemy and signaled his position, and once more the trawler dropped depth charges. By this time other trawlers had assembled and were scouting ahead. The airship dropped another bomb, and opened fire from her machine-gun upon an oily patch of water, into which a trawler, coming up, dropped depth charges. Nothing more happened. The probability is that the submarine was destroyed. It was a typical hunt.

A more conclusive affair during the escort of a convoy by an armed auxiliary cruiser and a destroyer. The two escorting vessels were coming up astern of their convoy with a slow ship which had fallen out of station, when they saw a steamer, in the centre of the convoy, torpedoed. The cruiser, steaming at full speed, ran right over the submarine, with a heavy impact. But the submarine was not sunk; for an hour and a half later the destroyer sighted a periscope not 200 yards distant. At full speed the destroyer released a depth charge. It exploded, and up came the sub-

marine to the surface. She chose to die in the open. By that time the destroyer was nearly 100 yards ahead of the submarine. She put her helm hard over and opened fire upon the enemy. At the same time the cruiser opened fire. The gunners of the destroyer made two hits out of the first three rounds, and the cruiser also scored. Then the destroyer rammed, cutting the submarine clean in half. The stern of the submarine rose up and then her after-part sank, while her bow plunged downwards, lifting to view for a moment a section of the interior of the vessel, a ghastly twisted confusion of ragged edges and pieces of men and machinery, and then her forward part sank.

A trawler sighted an enemy submarine cruising on the surface, five miles distant. The submarine seemed to stop, and then she turned towards the trawler, and a few minutes afterwards submerged. The trawler, conceiving it to be the intention of the submarine to torpedo her, held on her course for five minutes and then altered it. Twenty minutes afterwards, the trawler perceived the submarine to be observing her through the periscope about 200 yards distant on the starboard bow, whereupon the trawler ported her helm, steamed to the spot where the periscope had appeared, and dropped two depth charges. A 'large round yellow patch' stained the water, and the explosion of the second depth charge was followed by another and a much heavier explosion, shaking the trawler from stem to stern. A vast black stain spread upon the water, thick and oily, and floating in it were 'a small stool, part of a small teak ladder, several pieces of wood, and a white life-belt.'

With the aircraft work the destroyers, with the destroyers work the trawlers, and with the trawlers

work the motor launches, or M.L.'s.

M.L. — was cruising very early one morning, when her commanding officer (R.N.V.R.) saw a large bow wave coming towards him, and then he saw behind the wave a submarine approaching on the surface at full speed. The submarine, sighting the M.L., altered course, and crossed the bows of the M.L. ten yards ahead of her. A submarine on the surface, mounting powerful guns, is much more than a match for a little motor launch. But this particular submarine thought proper to submerge. She was instantly pursued by the M.L. Judging the position, the M.L. dropped two depth charges, went on, and dropped two more. The subsequent symptoms were regarded as conclusive.

The adventures of M.L.'s are innumerable. M.L.'s are officered and manned by the new civilian navy, which consists of every trade and profession: yachtmen, barristers, solicitors, fishmongers, greengrocers, engineers, merchant seamen, fishermen, and at least one parson, C. of E. Akin to the M.L.'s are the coastal motor boats (C.M.B.), of higher speed. Something has been told, but only in outline, of the magnificent service performed by these craft at the closing of the ports of Zeebrugge and Ostend, which also was an operation of submarine warfare.

The lieutenant in command of one of them was ordered to take the last men off H.M.S. *Vindictive*, after she was sunk across Ostend Harbor. The boat was lying alongside, on the side of *Vindictive* farthest from the shore, and was therefore screened by *Vindictive*'s hull from the fire of the shore batteries. The lieutenant searched the whole ship. Shells were bursting between decks, and he was wounded in the leg. Finding no one,

he returned to his boat and shoved off. But not yet was duty done. For, amid the roar of the cannonade, he thought he heard cries for help. He returned, once more went all over the ship, which was still under heavy fire, and once more shoved off. But not yet was duty satisfied. For again he heard cries, and again he put back. Now it seemed to him the calls came from the other side of Vindictive; and he steered round her stern, right into the fire of the shore batteries. There he found two men, clinging to a boat, which hung by her bow from the forward fall. As she was being lowered, the after fall had been cut by a shell. The lieutenant took the men on board, went about, and cleared the harbor at last. He was hit again, this time in the hand, one of the most painful among wounds, but he continued to con his boat until he came to a destroyer and the danger was past. His one fear was lest he should be wounded in his sound leg, when he would have been obliged to turn over his command.

With the aircraft work the destroyers, and with the destroyers the trawlers and the motor craft, and other patrol vessels. And the submarine is also hunting the submarine.

Upon a night, submarine — sighted a small submarine right ahead, which looked like a British vessel. The two exchanged challenges, and then from the strange submarine came a hail in the German tongue, as she turned away. That settled it. The British submarine pursued the German, manœuvring for a torpedo attack. The German fired a star shell, opened fire with rifles and repeating pistols at 400 yards range, and then dived. The British submarine fired a torpedo. It must have missed, for a minute afterwards the periscope of the enemy

appeared about fifty yards off the port bow of the British submarine. She opened fire, and altered course to ram. She passed right over the enemy, who subsequently escaped.

Another British submarine, sighting an enemy submarine proceeding on the surface at slow speed, dived to attack. The British submarine fired both bow torpedoes at a range of 400 yards. One torpedo hit the enemy's bow and failed to explode. The other exploded under the conning tower. That was the end. The British submarine came to the surface and picked up the only survivor.

Here are but brief glimpses of the immense organization created for the extermination of the submarine. It was improvised for the purpose; it grew and continued to increase in efficiency; it is still growing and increasing in efficiency, above the water, on the water, under the water.

Together with the directly offensive war upon submarines, there is the defensive system of convoy, of which it is enough to say that it is singularly successful. In spite of the difficulties of assembling ships into a convoy, of keeping them in the requisite formation, of proceeding at the speed of the slowest ship in a group of miscellaneous vessels, of signaling and of manœuvring, — to name but these troubles, — the indomitable patience and the incomparable skill of the navy have achieved success. Not long ago it was acknowledged by the Germans, who complained that the British, with their usual perfidy, had made it very dangerous to attack a convoy.

At the same time the merchant service captains have learned much, and their ships are being more powerfully armed. An action was recently fought between a merchant ship and

an enemy submarine in which the submarine mounted two guns, one forward and one aft, and the merchant ship mounted one gun. The submarine, chasing on the surface, opened fire, and the British ship replied to such purpose that at the fourth round the submarine submerged, and attacked with the torpedo. But the British captain knew what to do, and how to do it, and he so handled his ship that the torpedo passed astern of her. Then the submarine, emerging, pursued at high speed, and opened fire again, this time at short range. The British gunners, replying, hit the conning tower with the third round, then put the after gun of the submarine out of action, both guns' crews hastily retreating below. The submarine was once more manœuvring for torpedo attack, when she was again hit, lost speed, heeled over and sank.

To-day a merchant ship which puts up a stout fight owns a reasonable chance of winning it. But that is the last resource. The navy has resolved to exterminate the submarine.

The First Sea Lord has recently stated that the condition of success in submarine warfare (as in all warfare) is concentration of force. England has been fighting the war at sea with one hand. The other hand is the army. Had she the free use of both hands, it is not difficult to understand what she could have accomplished, and in what period of time.

In the submarine war the part taken by both lighter-than-air and heavier-than-air craft is worth some careful consideration. Aircraft are now and will remain an integral part of the navy. Why they should be placed under the control of a separate authority is past comprehension. It is not too late to restore to the navy what cannot be taken from it without

confusion, loss, hindrance, and immense discontent.

The historian of the future (a somewhat pathetic figure) may here be observed intelligently pausing to reflect upon the posture of affairs in Britain mid most of the year of grace and horror 1918.

'At this period,' he writes, 'we may perhaps discern the turning of the tide in the fortunes of the war at sea; and may even ascribe the change to a reviving apprehension of the true meaning of the sea on the part of that people which, among all the nations of the earth, had the profoundest reason for maintaining the seas as the master-principle of their national policy. But we have,' he adds, 'already traced the causes of the national decline; and we would but observe in this place that the chief merit for the remarkable development of sea warfare, accomplished in spite of incredible difficulties, must be assigned to the Royal navy.' Into the subsequent digression dealing with the part assigned by destiny to the British navy, of saving the country in spite of itself, we need not follow the philosopher.

It has often been said, and is still said, that there is no sovereign remedy for the submarine. But now one is not so sure. What about the depth charge? Yes, but if the depth charge is the salt on the tail of the cannibal fish, how first do you find your fish. Well, that is being done too, by more senses than one. Supposing that it has become more perilous and less useful to be under the sea than on the sea?

The present writer, some time ago, hazarded a theory that what is called the sovereign remedy for the submarine is aerial attack. As he is writing he refers to the Admiralty announcement of the day.

'Weather conditions have somewhat hindered operations by Naval Air Force contingents.' Then follows a list of places bombed. 'Bursts were also observed on the mole at Zeebrugge and near the lock gates, . . . in all nearly twenty-four tons of bombs were dropped' (inside a week). 'Bombs were also dropped on an enemy vessel. In addition to the above the usual patrols were carried out.' 'The usual patrols!'—mark that sublime official expression. Hunt-

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ing by day and night, in foul weather and fair, sinkings, rammings, gunfire, explosions, torpedoes, all 'carried out' in a lightning web of wireless signaling, woven all across sea and land: these are the 'usual patrols,' by means of which 'hostile submarines have been sighted and attacked, enemy mines have been located and destroyed, and Allied and neutral shipping has been convoyed.' And with one hand—the right hand.

THE KAISER: MAD OR BAD?

BY CHARLES MERCIER

It is often said, especially by persons who are not qualified to express an opinion, that the Kaiser is mad, or must be mad; and still more often that he is a degenerate. The term a 'degenerate' has never been defined. It is a quasi-scientific term of abuse, employed to fling at anyone of whose conduct or character we disapprove, and in this sense it is no doubt correctly applied to the Kaiser; but, putting abuse on one side, and speaking with strict scientific accuracy, *is the Kaiser mad?*

This question has occupied my mind at intervals since long before the war, for undoubtedly there have been incidents in his career that, as they have been reported, have raised a strong suspicion of madness—a strong suspicion, but no more, and a suspicion, even a strong suspicion is of little value. My desire has been to form such an opinion as I should

form of a patient brought to my consulting room for the purpose, and subjected to a searching examination such as I am accustomed to make; an opinion of a strictly scientific character, founded upon indisputable facts and not with bias or prejudice one way or the other. Such an opinion could not fail to be both interesting and valuable; but such an opinion I have been unable to form, for the necessary data were not to be had.

Whether a person is mad may be very easy or very difficult to determine. It does not always need a personal interview for its determination. Such a letter as now lies before me—a letter without formal beginning or ending, bringing vague but horrible accusations against a multitude of persons, named and unnamed, of persecuting the writer by means of lightning flashes and red flashes transmitted through walls and

ceilings, accompanied by voices, dreams, and nightmares, and lasting for a quarter of a century without intermission — such a letter is of itself conclusive of the madness of the writer; but there are cases in which repeated personal interviews and a minute personal history leave one still in doubt whether the dividing line between sanity and madness has been crossed, or whether, if it has, the sojourn on the wrong side has been sufficiently prolonged to warrant certification. This being so, I am always entertained when I hear people who have never seen a madman in their lives, assert positively of some other person whom also they have never seen, and who, like the Kaiser, may be near the border line, that 'of course' he is mad, or must be mad.

A common but erroneous opinion, which it has taken me more than a quarter of a century to dissipate from the minds of my fellow experts, is that madness consists in disorder of mind. There could scarcely be a greater mistake. Madness consists, not in what a man thinks or believes, but in what he does; not in his opinions, whether deluded or not, but in his action. Conduct is the test; and that conduct alone is mad that exhibits disorder in the process of adapting one's self to one's circumstances.

Consequently, in forming an opinion whether a man is sane or mad, it is necessary to take into account not only what he does, but also the circumstances in which he does it. To take a very simple case: suppose a man in good health sits still all day and all night, taking no food, and bawling at the top of his voice; if he were in ordinary circumstances — that is to say, in his own house, surrounded by his family and his comforts — we might conclude that he is

mad, or must be mad, to behave in such a way; but suppose he has fallen into a pit in a lonely place and broken his legs, we must revise our judgment on a consideration of his circumstances.

So it is with the Kaiser. In forming an opinion of his sanity or madness, we must take into consideration not what he thinks or believes, which we can only conjecture, but what he does, as to which we have more or less trustworthy information; and in estimating his conduct, we must never lose sight of the circumstances in which he acts, and never fail to take account of these circumstances. *The dominating circumstance of the Kaiser's life is that he is the German Emperor.*

He is the Emperor of a people whom we may, if we please, stigmatize as degenerate, and who are at any rate very different from ourselves. This dominating circumstance is constantly ignored, and the German Emperor is judged as if he were the monarch of some people like ourselves. If the English King-Emperor were to act as the German Emperor acts; if he were to change his dress a dozen times a day; if he were forever boasting and bragging, and calling God to witness what a splendid creature he is; if he were forever rattling his sabre and blustering about mailed fists and shining armor; if he were to order his soldiers to give no quarter, and so forth, we might well question his sanity; for the aim of a king must be to inspire the respect, the loyalty, and the devotion of his subjects; and if a king of England were to behave thus, he would inspire only dislike, disgust, and contempt. But the Kaiser is not King of England. He is German Emperor, and the Germans like his conduct. It suits them. The more he brags, and postures, and prances before them, the more they

admire him, and the more loyal and devoted they become. There is no evidence of madness, then, in this.

In this country, or in any other country on the face of the earth except Germany, a man who should abuse the hospitality of a generous host by introducing spies into the house of that host, and plotting against him while enjoying his hospitality, would be execrated and despised as the vilest of scoundrels. An Ojibbeway or a Pathan would be driven from his tribe for such conduct. The lowest savages respect the binding obligation of hospitality; and to eat a man's salt or to break bread with him is a sacred treaty of peace. But the Germans do not take this view, and the Kaiser is the German Emperor.

The Germans see in such conduct nothing to condemn, but much to admire. They look upon it as evidence of superior astuteness. They laugh at the confiding simplicity of the hosts. They admire the conduct of the German Ambassador to 'those idiotic Yankees,' and they worship their Emperor for his perfidy towards Edward VII. If, therefore, we regard the conduct of the Kaiser in relation to the dominating circumstance that he is Emperor at the head of the German people, we find no want of adaptation to this circumstance. On the contrary, the adaptation is complete and perfect, and therefore the question of his madness does not arise. If the King of England, the President of the French Republic, or the President of the United States were to act so — I apologize to them for the supposition — they might well be considered mad, and it would be charitable so to consider them, for such conduct would be so alien to the opinions and sentiments of the peoples that they govern, as scarcely to be

explainable on any other ground; but there is nothing in it alien to the opinions or sentiments of the Germans. It is what they are taught and trained to do. It is what each one of them who finds himself in a foreign country does in his own humble way to the best of his ability. The Kaiser shows no madness in this.

No. So far there is no evidence of madness. It is true that other incidents are reported, such as that of his capering in crown and sceptre on the sands of Ostend, and causing photographs of himself in this unseemly exercise to be distributed to his troops, that are more strongly suggestive of madness; but in the first place, the incident, though reported on fairly good authority, is not beyond doubt; and in the second, it may be that even if it is true, it would excite nothing but admiration among the Germans. It is difficult to imagine any act of their Kaiser that the Germans would not approve and admire.

But if we seek the affinity of the Kaiser, not to the madman, but to the criminal, we are on much firmer ground. More nonsense has been written about criminals than, perhaps, on any other subject; but though the doctrines of Lombroso, Garofalo, and the rest of the Italian school, and even those of Féré and the French school of criminologists are now abandoned, there remains a residuum of truth in the doctrine of the existence of 'instinctive' criminals. There are, undoubtedly, persons who are born without a rudiment of the moral sense, and who grow up without its ever becoming developed in them. Such persons I have called 'moral imbeciles,' and under this title they have been provided for, at my instance, in the Mental Defectives Act.

A study of these 'instinctive crimi-

nals,' or 'moral imbeciles,' shows that between their moral and intellectual peculiarities and those of the Kaiser there is a very close similarity. The moral imbecile or instinctive criminal is distinguished from other men in the first place by his want of the moral sense, or his moral insensibility. To him, right and wrong are empty words, or, if they have any meaning, right is that which is profitable to him, wrong is that which is unprofitable to him. I have sketched his character in my book on *Insanity*, and in other places, and when I reperuse these descriptions I am struck with their applicability to the Kaiser.

The moral imbecile lies, forges, swindles, and robs without any compunction, without any consideration for his victims, and, what is specially characteristic of him, without any shame when his misdeeds are discovered and brought home to him. So far from feeling shame, he is apt to glory in them if they are successful, as that typical German and idol of the Germans — Bismarck — glorified in his falsification of the Ems telegram, and as the Kaiser glories in having 'hacked his way' through Belgium. But though the moral imbecile does not recognize the inculcations of morality as binding on himself, or as to be observed by himself to his own inconvenience, he is extremely sensitive to their infraction, and, indeed, to their enforcement also by other people, if that infraction or enforcement is at all inconvenient to himself. The moral imbecile in private life will steal and swindle and forge without a scruple; but not only is he quick to resent and to prosecute depredations on himself, but also when he himself is prosecuted for his misdeeds, he looks upon the punishment as grossly unjust persecution.

The Kaiser's attitude is strikingly

Land and Water.

similar: His devastation of Belgium, his murder of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt, and of multitudes of other men and women, and even of children, his bombardment of open towns, his sinking of the *Lusitania* and of neutral ships, and all the innumerable crimes committed in his name and by his orders are in his eyes quite right, and proper, and justifiable, and in conformity with moral law as he understands it; but the reprisal bombardment of German towns is a scandalous and abominable infraction of the laws of war. Other well-recognized traits of the instinctive criminal are the sentimentality that alternates with cruelty, colossal egotism, naïve and clamorous vanity, and a craving for notoriety, which displays itself in a passion for the limelight and for histrionic display.

Moreover, the instinctive criminal is very often intensely religious. He pays with scrupulous punctuality his tithes of mint and cummin and anise. When about to commit a murder, he will go to mass and pray for a blessing on his enterprise; and when he has conducted a successful burglary, he will make a thank-offering to the God who has assisted him and held him scatheless. All these traits of character are enumerated by Mr. Havelock Ellis and other criminologists, and though they exaggerate in many things, in these I can corroborate them from my own experience of moral imbeciles.

All these traits are notoriously and conspicuously present in the character of the Kaiser, and my provisional diagnosis is that, whether he is or is not mad, as to which the evidence is quite inconclusive, there is no doubt whatever that his mental and moral make-up is that of the instinctive criminal or moral imbecile.

SPECTATORS

BY CLARA SMITH AND T. BOSANQUET

III

MR. NICOLAS ROMER TO MRS. JOHN
WYCHWOOD

20, St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S.W.
May 22, 1914.

My dear Nanda,

Betty's merits as a traveling companion are going to exceed all my anticipations — that's quite clear. High as my hopes of her were, she will easily overtop them. To come out, in the thick, airless oppression of the Simplon tunnel, with the admission that one can't bear the thought of Milan as a resting place — that's a really magnificent display of spirit! Your immediate response was quite equally magnificent and sweeping. I'm even more glad for Betty's sake than I was before, that Daisy Brampton gave up her plan of taking the child out herself a month earlier and meeting you in Florence; for I can't at all see Daisy abandoning her established train as you did at the very first station after that disclosure, and driving straight off to an unknown inn on the frail promise of a spray of wistaria in the driver's hat! It's quite right that so charming an omen should have justified itself. Omens may be at a discount in a country as innately respectable and law-abiding as England (I never have the courage myself to try for any taxi but the first on the rank), but I'm sure they're the things to live by in Italy. After all, they're often the only things there are to trust to, except

Baedeker or 'personal recommendations.' I had more than enough of recommended places, in the days when Viola was making her unsuccessful effort to put up with me as a companion. She collected them wholesale at luncheons, and dinners, and parties, quite without reference to the individual taste of the recommending persons. I used to think it a rather odd exhibition of timidity on Viola's part — it was so unlike her way of meeting most of life's problems — but I believe quite a lot of people proceed on the same lines, simply ruling out of their range of possibility every hotel or *pension* that has n't been certified in England by a properly introduced acquaintance.

I'd prefer Baedeker's starry allurements if they did n't seem to have so much attraction for *rundreising* Germans — and I can't find it in my heart to love that breed of traveler, can you? No doubt it's just my beastly prejudice, as Billy Puckle always declares, and they're delightful people at home (*their* home); but that is n't a theory I've ever wanted to put to the test in Germany. To my horrid, ungenerous mind, the least forgivable merit of the wandering variety is that he undoubtedly *has* admirable taste in natural beauty, so that it's difficult in these days to find any place in Italy or Switzerland with well-founded claims to real loveliness that has n't been practically annexed by the 'greater Germans.' Perhaps that's why all the English people who seem to live for (though

surely not by) writing travel sketches have taken to singing the praise of places which are mostly quite remarkably lacking in either charm or interest. They've been driven out of their old strongholds and have to put the best face they can on the defeat. Or else they are playing a very much deeper game and are doing all they can to further a national conspiracy to lure the Germans away from Venice and the Lakes. But if there is such a plot, I'm afraid it is doomed to fail. They're too confoundedly certain of their own rightness to be led astray by English eulogies of squalor and inaccessibility. It's only the trusting, sheeplike, other English who follow the new lead — which suggests that the superior persons who brand us as a nation without any genuine feeling for beauty, may be right. What do you think? And what in the wide world do people travel for if it is n't for spontaneous enjoyment? Is it for 'culture'? I used once to imagine, in my ignorance, that the craze for being cultured had died with Queen Victoria — I don't mean that she suffered from it; there's no evidence at all for such an assumption! But I've met such hosts of 'culture-pilgrims' in Italy during the last few years that I see I was quite mistaken. What does seem to have happened is that the disease has attacked a different stratum of society. The people who had it twenty years ago have abandoned the term, though they have an equivalent passion of their own. But Renaissance art, studied in Italian galleries, is n't the fashion now. The Futurists and Post-Impressionists have knocked out everything between the Byzantines and Cézanne, and it's left to the female provincial population — the leisured ladies who spend their winter hours supping up the peptonized in-

formation spooned out by extension lecturers and disgorging it in weekly essays — to seek for culture in the cities of Italy. I've come across scores of them devoting spring or autumn to tracking the footsteps of the poet Dante, or weaving clusters of their memorized facts about famous pictures by deplorably *démodés* painters. I suppose in a few more years they'll arrive at Manet and Monet, and then the Italian galleries won't be much use to the state revenues unless another class — say the factory hands — has developed a taste for 'Italian art' and comes, in huge polytechnic parties, to quaff at the original fount. Only, by that time, where will the kind of person who professes to-day to 'see things' in Picasso be?

But here I am maundering on about culture, and never all this time saying a civil thank you, for all the things you told me about Miss Georgina Craske. It's very kind of you to credit me with anything so amusing as a *flair* for personality, and I'm tremendously set up about it. But a horrid little wriggling doubt comes worming its way into my mind, suggesting that it's just charming sisterly partiality that makes you think so (I don't put it that you merely 'say' so, because I'm trusting to your reversion to candor again). If I were younger than you I should have more faith in your cool-headed judgment. But remember, Nanda, I'm thirty-nine — four whole years and a quarter older. Surely, by all the accepted rules, you must have had an overwhelming respect for me when I was a man of nine and you a mere tot of five? Is n't your graceful attribution of the *flair* due to those indiscriminating days of wholesale admiration? I gather, though, that you've something more solid and safe to go on

as regards your own dislike of 'Georgina,' and I'm glad to be so comforted and confirmed in my estimate of her. It was very foreseeing of the Craske parents to have their daughter so appropriately christened, was n't it? Do you think it was real foresight — I mean, did she, even in early babyhood, so obviously resemble some Georgina-like aunt that they hurried to give her the right name, or do you think the fact of being saddled with it so young, induced a growth to match it? Do I call you 'Nanda,' and Betty 'Betty,' instead of bringing out 'Anne' and 'Elizabeth' in the splendid way Daisy Brampton always does, just because you have n't either of you grown to fit the names your god-fathers and godmothers then gave you? I suppose I must have caught up with 'Nicolas,' since no one but Billy Puckle ever calls me 'Nick.' As for Billy himself — you'll find it hard to believe, but I've heard his parents-in-law address him as 'William'!

Billy came in to see me last night, bringing a man he has often talked about lately and always with a lot of enthusiasm — Peter Dane. I don't mind owning, now that I've seen Dane and like him, that I've been rather foolishly fighting shy of Billy's offered occasions for meeting him. There have been previous enthusiasms that I could n't be sympathetic about, and I was a bit afraid of this one. But Dane is a singularly likable young man — he seems young to me, at any rate, though he might not to Betty's twenty-two years. Funnily enough, he reminds me somehow of Betty, though I can't lay a very certain finger on the point of likeness. It is n't his fairness, because it's on quite a different sort of basis from hers — he owes a lot to a red-haired ancestor not very far away, I should

think. And his figure carries no suggestion of being at all too insubstantial for the solid earth, as hers does. In fact he is, if anything, a little bit short for the breadth of his shoulders — an effect I always associate with enormous physical strength, though I don't know how much reason that conviction has behind it. Perhaps I'm unconsciously biased by memories of the structure of a gorilla! Don't imagine, though, that Dane is at all reminiscent of a gorilla. He could n't possibly have suggested a likeness to Betty if he were. Perhaps it's his eyes that are like her. They're a deeper blue than hers, but they have something of the same look of taking everything on trust and yet not having been much disappointed. He is an engineer by profession — a bridge-builder and railroad-maker. Billy ran across him in the summer, down in Devonshire, where he was superintending the last touches to a little branch railway. Billy, naturally, was sketching, and so was Dane, in his off hours. He *can*, delightfully. I've seen a very clever thing he did of the long gray viaduct he built for his railway — he gave the sketch to Billy. His Devonshire job is quite finished now, and he came back to London, where he chiefly lives, as soon as he had seen the small-sized train, its engine proudly hung with garlands, carry a load of hurrahing school children for its maiden trip.

Billy seemed tired and depressed, for him. I don't mean, of course, that he did n't talk hard, for nothing short of death or diphtheria would prevent his doing that. But he was restless and nervous, and more jerky than usual in his plunges from one topic to another. He generally bridges his gaps, however flimsily, but last night it was sheer plunge. He vows he is n't working too hard at his fashion-

able ladies, but I can't believe him. It's his way to blaze at his work for all he's worth (and the less he likes it the harder he blazes), and then go right away from it all for a long rest and change. It's quite a good method in a general way, but Billy can't be trusted to keep on the inside edge of his physical powers — which are never much to boast of. It would n't matter so much if his wife could be depended on to pull him up; but Kate is n't a bit of good in that way. She's much too full of social ambition to see what may be happening to the husband by whose gifts she climbs. She takes everything about him for granted, and she seems to regard his 'sitters' as the kind who will go on laying golden eggs forever, or as so much yearly income yielded by gilt-edged securities. And yet I believe she is genuinely fond of him, and if anything were to happen sufficiently theatrical for her not to be able to avoid seeing it, she would turn to, and do whatever she took to be her duty splendidly.

I wanted to hear Billy's views about names and their wearers — he must have had opportunities for studying the question among his fashionable clients — but it was 'Georgina's' surname that he caught at.

'Portrait of Miss Craske! — I'd like to paint someone called that.'

Then Dane said he knew a man of the name — Oswald Craske — who might be a relation. Do you think he would be the brother you met at Gladys's? (*What people Gladys used to collect!*) 'Oswald' does sound suitable, I think. I asked Dane what he was like.

'I could n't get on with him very well,' he admitted — I don't believe that's an admission he often has to make. 'He was at the engineering college with me, but he was a bit

senior. I did n't see much of him.'

'Greasy sort of chap?' Billy suddenly shot out.

'Not a bit. Quite extraordinarily clean and soaped for an engineer student. But he had a queer way of asking me questions about the other fellows, fellows he really knew much better than I did myself, so I never could understand why he did n't ask them directly. I did n't see what he was playing at, or for.'

'He was playing for influence,' Billy declared, and then went on with a characteristic elaboration. 'I know the sort. He wanted to be both omnipotent and omniscient in his own circle. He would have to trust himself for the power, but he preferred getting the knowledge crookedly. Silly people talk as if women were the wire-pulling sex; but in my experience men are every bit as fond of that game — only, since the showily responsible work of the world is mostly in male hands, one naturally hears more about the women.'

I don't know if there's anything in Billy's theory of wire-pulling. You can think it out for yourself; but anyhow the character might very well fit a brother of Miss Craske's, might n't it? Dane had n't ever heard of any sister, but that's no proof that she does n't exist. Craske does n't sound like a man who would give away family information of any sort. He has given up engineering, Dane says, and is company promoting, or something like that now. It's quite in the picture.

Tell me when you think of moving on and where you mean to go — unless you're intending to leave your destination to the omens of the day. Give my respects to the Esmonds and the ghosts of your olive garden. Are you going to see any of the other dwellers on the hills? And do they

still treat Italy like an unnecessarily aired museum, or have Marinetti and his disciples shaken their security a little? Apropos of the hills, Dane says he has a sister staying with friends at Fiesole, and he thinks she knows the Esmonds. She's an elder sister, and unmarried. Tell me if you meet her.

Yours always,
Nicolas.

P.S.—And don't forget that I'm going to Oaklands for Whitsuntide. You can spare such a lot of pity from Bellosguardo!

IV

MRS. JOHN WYCHWOOD TO MR. NICOLAS
ROMER

Villa Madama, Bellosguardo,
May 26, 1914.

My dear Nicolas,

I've left your charming long letter indoors, and I can't desert the sunlight for even a minute to go and look for it. Besides, it would be much more than a minute, because I'm at the extreme corner of the olive orchard with a curly white sheep-dog, and if I move he'll think it means a walk, and be noisy and broken-hearted about his disappointment. So you'll have to forgive omitted answers if there are any. I do remember your postscript, at any rate, and can't bear to think of the difference between your life and mine, next week-end. I don't see that anything but definite illness can save you, and I can't hope for that. I *would* rather have you acutely bored than ill. Daisy might come up and nurse you, moreover — a nightmare suggestion which ought to cheer you with the thought that Oaklands is not the worst. I'm as sorry as you like about it all.

What you say about Peter Dane is very interesting, partly on his own

merits, because he seems to have high qualifications as a human being, and partly because I did meet his sister at a party last night, and feel very grateful to her for being a redeeming feature. Mrs. Esmond has some relations living in a villa at Fiesole — all that there is of most respectable and most precious — and for our sins Betty and I had to go there to dinner. They motored us over, and that part of it was so charming that I wondered if the means were n't justifying the end; on no less conventional an excuse should we have been allowed out in the twilight with its stars and fireflies. But all the same, I did agree with Betty's murmur, as we passed through the black sentinels of cypresses at the gate, that it would be quite nice if we found they had slight measles and the party was off. It was n't, of course, but the house itself was another and a so delightful redeeming feature, that I threw away regrets. Fortunately, they consider it an artistic trust, and I was able to see a great deal more than I had any right to at a mere dinner party. It's fifteenth century, too, with wide tapestried corridors and gorgeous high rooms, leading out of one another in a most unpractical fashion. I'm no good at plans, and I am very much impressed by the way in which an Italian architect can lead you through an unassuming little door, hidden behind the tapestry, and confront you with a wonderful palace of a room sunk two or three steps below the level of the corridor — a room that would always be beautiful and aloof, that no treatment, however misguided, could really spoil. Not that it is misguided now; I liked its dull blue walls and tall thin mirrors in their faded gold frames. I saw it at night, with jewels, and pale frocks, and brilliant lights, quite as

it should be, but I know exactly how it would look when it was empty in the morning, the sunlight pouring in through those high French windows, to lie in wide bars of light across the polished floor. Not a room for a *tête-à-tête*, though, unless you had red heels to your slippers and a fan. And that's where the cleverness of the architect comes in, for I found another door, disguised as the wall, leading out of the palace into a tiny, low room, which might have belonged to a Surrey cottage, depending for all its individuality on the owner. How does one build a house on such an unexpected plan?

The garden was too dark to see, but I think, from its very blackness, that it must have *ilex* trees, and from the scent I know it has roses. The house was full of them, too, pink China ones, like the roses that hang over the gray walls on the road up to Fiesole. I was sorry to leave the soft black night and the fireflies for the sake of my official partner (an authority on coins) and my unofficial (an authority on himself). I saw that the strain would be on my sympathy rather than my intelligence, and that I might be seriously bored unless, in the intervals of looking interested, I could find someone pretty to watch on the other side of the table. Betty was on my side, otherwise she would have done beautifully. I drew blank the first time, and then I came across Rosamond Dane. I don't see the red-haired ancestor in her, nor the physical strength, but I think perhaps she's a changeling, so that's quite explicable. She has soft, fair hair and is tired and pale, and after long research work I discovered that her eyes are blue — very blue really, like an October sky, but when she talks they grow dark like water or jewels, as most blue eyes never dream of

doing. She talks a great deal, too, in a sensitive, charming voice, and does it very well. But this I discovered afterwards when we had had a formal introduction; I had some sense of duty towards my partners, and really gave them most of my attention while they were there. Betty is the only other person I know with quite such a sharp-edged interest in everything, and I imagine their points of view are very different. The world is adorable to Rosamond Dane, but it's not Betty's objective one. And my researches into her character have gone no further than that. I found her delightful to watch — like gold wine in a glass held up to the light — but her very articulateness makes her baffling. I've come across other such puzzling people before. Their eyes convict them of dreaming dreams, and they have uncanny powers of crystallizing other people's visions for them; to no one do they reveal their own. I wonder if Billy has ever painted her. If he has, the result ought to be illuminating, as his painted criticisms of character always are, though his spoken ones are often so funnily bad. All the same I dare say he's quite sound on Oswald Craske!

I'm sorry you think he's tired and depressed — Billy, I mean — and I'm afraid his wife won't come to the rescue. She might be a useful wife to some people, though I don't think her *métier* is personal relations at all, and she's quite disastrous for Billy. I suppose you can't escape from expressing your views on other people's art, and bring him out to Italy for the long rest that seems about due? Betty and I mean to go to the Casentino very soon, and we should love it even better if you came too. If you asked it of us, we would even sacrifice our cherished plan of motoring over

the Consuma at 5 A.M. and use an orthodox train and a polite hour of departure. I'm not reflecting on your spirit in making this suggestion, it's merely offered as proof that we should appreciate your society enormously and that I have some ideas as to what should not be included in a rest-cure. Moreover, I think I know where I want to stay — not 'recommended' but the result of past omens and definite personal experience. It has a wide sunny balcony, where Billy can sit and watch green lizards on gray tiles if he is sympathetically still, or the shadows on blue and purple mountains if he wants a wider horizon. Do take it as a serious plan and telegraph that you're coming.

Betty is exploring Florence with Sylvia Esmond, who has n't inherited

her mother's beauty, but is a throw-back to some plain ancestor, an ancestor with a sense of humor, however, so I think her account with Providence is square. She has a reputation for frequent and short-lived quarrels with all her friends, but Betty's impersonal method seems to have kept the peace so far. I see that it's an admirable method — clearing the ground, as it does, of all subjective problems — from one's own point of view, but I wonder a little how it strikes the other side. I think perhaps I brought Betty away because I could n't follow to its logical conclusion the possible consequence of her being as nice to Georgina's brother as she was to Georgina herself!

Yours ever,

Nanda.

(To be continued)

PROFITEERING

BY J. H. BALFOUR-BROWNE, K. C.

THERE has been a good deal of silly talk and fluid thinking about what is called 'profiteering,' and it is quite certain that many persons, in denouncing what they regard as an economic abuse, may really, as vapid talk always does, be doing a disservice to the community. 'Profiteering' is, as I understand it, nothing more than the taking of profits; and although the taking of excessive profits is bad for the community, and is an extortion of the same kind as the money-lender's extortionate interest on money lent, or, for that matter, the demand for excessive

wages, the abolition of profiteering or the taking of profits would be productive of an economic paralysis, which would surprise those glib persons who have been denouncing capitalists in much the same way that the church, for a long time, denounced usury.

It is, under these circumstances, worth while inquiring what 'profits' really are; and in that matter we are not much helped by the books. Adam Smith seemed to think that profit was not a very different thing from the interest on the capital or stock employed, and in that he was really

following the common, but not accurate, use of the word. Very few people distinguish, when they say a certain business yields a profit of 10 per cent, between the interest which the capitalist would expect if he had advanced money to be used in an industry, and the profit which the man using the capital for productive purposes has a right to expect from his adventure, and the conduct of the business. Senior argued that the capitalist's profits are the remuneration for abstinence, or that they are the gains a man who does not consume his capital for his own uses is entitled to. But here again the mere abstention from consumption and the application of the capital to productive purposes is more strictly interest than profit. Mill thought that there were three component elements in profit — interest on capital, insurance against risk, and wages for superintendence. And Bagehot, in his *Economic Studies*, has it that 'Profit as we calculate means that which is over after the capital is replaced.'

One of the fatal follies is the failure to understand what we are talking about, and in this connection the confounding of interest with profits, or insurance with profits, has been fruitful of misunderstanding. Interest is the return for money lent. The banker's trade is lending money, and as he may not have enough of his own, he borrows from others that he may lend. A manufacturer may not have enough of speculative money — that is, money which he is willing to risk in expectation of profit — to build and equip his mill, and may have to borrow money from a banker for that purpose. But upon that money which he has borrowed on the security of his buildings and plant he has to pay interest to his lender, and that interest is an out-going and is no

part of his gains as a manufacturer. In the same way ordinary insurance against risks is not a part of his profit, although Mill includes it. The money paid to insure the buildings and plant against fire is an out-going, and does not go into the manufacturer's pocket — unless he becomes his own insurer, and that means that he is carrying on a separate trade. Again, it seems an error to regard, as Mill did, the wages for superintendence as profit. It is quite conceivable that the manufacturer does not manage or superintend his own business, but pays someone for doing so, and Mill by his use of the word 'wages' shows that there is a distinction between such a payment for the labor of management and the gains which are properly called 'profits.'

Of course, the confusion which has crept into these reasonings has come about from the fact that in a great many cases the 'adventurer,' as we will call him, invests, at any rate, some of his own money in his enterprise, and also gives his own time and intelligence to the management of the business. But if he invests his own money in a new trade or productive industry, he must have withdrawn his savings from some other investment, let us say government loans, from which he was receiving interest, and by withdrawing his mobile capital he has now to forgo that interest. Therefore, the first charge upon what has sometimes been called gross earnings from his manufactory, which remains after he has met current working expenses — including the wages of his workmen, the repair, maintenance and insurance of his mill and its contents, and power — is the interest on the capital invested. But among the working expenses there ought to be included what Mill treats as profits, viz.: the wages for superin-

tendence or the payment to the manufacturer for his services as an organizer of labor — a super-ganger — and conductor of the business. It is obvious that such a man, if he were not conducting what is called his own business, could earn a salary for managing some other undertaking which was in the hands of an independent capitalist. It is evident that it would be useless for a man to go into commerce or put his capital into a business if he was to content himself with the same interest he would have got if he had left it in a Colonial security — and if he were only to receive the same salary in his own business that he would have got if he had hired himself to another. His money, we have supposed, is now in a new adventure, and if it is one in which it must be lost and cannot be replaced, he is a fool. It is the something beyond interest and salary that is profit, and it is that something beyond — which is the remuneration for the adventure which has been undertaken with the expectation of gain, but which may and frequently does result in a loss — and that is the risk which cannot be insured against — which would be denied to our adventurer by the Socialists, and to which the opprobrious term of 'profiteering' has been applied. Now, the question is, is the man who has become what was in the old days called a 'merchant venturer' entitled to anything more as payment for his adventure — which has in all probability called for knowledge, talent, enterprise, skill, and energy upon the part of the adventurer — than these payments for interest on money and management of the business? Socialists would unhesitatingly answer, 'No.' They say that the whole of what they call the 'capitalist' or 'profit' system is merely the exploiting

of labor — or taking for one's self something to which one is not justly entitled — and that all gains beyond the interest on capital and the wage of superintendence belong to the community. Profits, according to them, are 'fleeings,' and the man who takes them is as much a parasite as a fluke that lives on a sheep. Of course, it is quite true that profits, if there are any, result from the fact that labor, whether it is that of a thousand 'hands' or of the man himself, produces more than it consumes. If there were no surplus beyond the amount necessary to support the worker, there would be nothing to replace the buildings, plant, and tools as they were worn out; there would be no interest, and no profits. Of course, under such circumstances, no business could go on. It is because this surplus is possible that capital and brains have been induced into the industry in the hope not only of interest but of profits. It is because the surplus is said to have been produced by labor that the socialists claim a right not only to wages but to the profits of the undertaking. But they overlook the fact that profit is the capitalist's remuneration for his adventure. If there had been no expectation of profit the mill would not have been built, so there would have been no 'hands'; or the ship would not have been launched, and there would have been no sailors. But it is further true that if the profits went to the workers and were consumed, there would be no fund out of which to provide for future production, for it is saved profits that 'set the poor to work.'

But it is wonderfully easy, when you cannot reason, to vituperate; indeed, the strength of the language, some people think, makes up for the weakness of the argument, and it is

in this way that we have a good deal of angry Socialist comment on the heinousness of profiteers, a chorus which is joined in by some persons who would be surprised if they realized that the real object of the propaganda was to put an end to profits altogether. But these persons, who are so indignant at profiteers, have still a good deal to learn. 'Why,' they would ask, 'do you defend men who are making a 100 per cent profit, remembering that it is all made by the workmen and all comes out of the pocket of the consumer. Is it not right to put an end to such cormorants?'

It was, as we said, at one time the pious policy of the church to put an end to exorbitant interest on money lent. The canon of 1603 placed usury among notorious 'crimes and scandals.' The Church Discipline Act of 1892 treated the taking of high interest as an immoral act and immoral conduct. The legislature, in 1714, fixed 5 per cent as the legal interest in England, and made all contracts made for the payment of any principal to be lent on usury above that rate null and void. But, by the Money-Lenders Act of 1900 (17 and 18 Vict., C 90), the usury laws were repealed, and all that remains of them is the power of the courts to give relief in case of unconscionable bargains by money-lenders. But it ought to be obvious that any fixed rate of interest is ridiculous, and in the same way it is exceedingly difficult to draw the line between fair profits and unfair profits, and the latter is the real evil which can be condemned under the term profiteering. Interest, of course, must vary with the risk the lender runs or the security the borrower offers, and while in one case 5 per cent might be an excessive remuneration for a loan, in others it is quite

likely that 15 per cent or 20 per cent might be quite an inadequate return,* and so it is with regard to profits, still using the word in its loose and popular sense. If, as in this war, there is a temporary demand for any article — let us say high-explosive shells — and a manufacturer puts up a munitions works to meet the demand, will the ordinary profit meet the case? It is obvious that, as replacement of capital is one of the necessities of adventure, the manufacturer, who may have to 'scrap' his whole plant at the end of the war, must have a return on his capital greatly in excess of ordinary profits. Assume a case: — Where a capitalist embarks his capital in an enterprise to supply a demand which can only continue for one year, and that at the end of the year his plant will be useless, it is obvious that in his case a return of 100 per cent on the value of his plant would not be excessive. But that leads to the consideration of the real merit of profits.

We know that the state recognizes ability — although here again the Socialists are at loggerheads with the present views of society, for their golden rule is that there is to be given to each wages according to his needs and not according to his skill, which seems to put Earlwood Idiot Asylum upon a par with Oxford University. But all except these foolish persons, with their heads in air, recognize the necessity of a monopoly law of Copyright and Letters Patent.† That is to

* If I remember aright the author of the *Wealth of Nations* sneers at the 'Virtuous Brutus' who lent money in Cyprus at 48 per cent; but one would require to know more about the transaction before one condemned the lender.

† These, together with 'trade marks,' are the only legal monopolies at the present time. A 'trade mark' which gives a man an exclusive right to restrain anyone applying a similar mark is not a recognition of genius, but is justified by expediency. 'It has not the merit and benefit of mankind as its consideration, its object being to indicate the source from which the article comes, and to restrain others from manufacturing such articles.' It is odd, too, to note, that in case of infringement of a trade mark the injured party may choose between damages or having an account taken of the profits.

say, there is a profit on genius. Apart from what the man may draw from what in the old time was called 'the Funds,' apart from what he may receive as a wage for looking after, say, a market garden, he has a right to tax the community for his books, or his inventions, for a certain number of years; and that, remember, not so much for the benefit of the particular penman or inventor as for the good of the community as a whole. It is seen that men would not write, would not apply their ingenuity to inventions, if they were not to 'profit' by their literary or inventive efforts—and that in that case the real sufferers by the lack of books and inventions would be the public. It is in this way that Copyright and Patent Laws have come to be considered wise provisions—or, in other words, that genius is entitled to a profit.* But is not the same thing true of the maker of things? Is not he, too, an inventor, an adventurer, who took risks (not the risks which are covered by ordinary insurance), who launched his ships upon a 'sea of troubles' with the hope of gain, but at the same time with the chance of loss or failure? Is he not, in a sense, like the author, a benefactor of the community, and is he not entitled, beyond the interest on his money and payment for digging his market garden,—is he not entitled to profit by his enterprise?

In old days battles were to the strong. To-day, they are to the wise and skilful. No longer is war conducted by giants with spears like 'weavers' beams,' but by generals by means of maps and telephones.

* That profit, too, comes out of the surplus produced by labor beyond what labor consumes. The idea that because I buy an article at wholesale price for 1s., and sell it retail for 2s., that the difference is 'profit' is erroneous. The extra shilling includes the cost of the machinery of distribution. It is production that causes wealth, and the question here is as to the fair division of the wealth so produced.

It is not the strength of the former, but the skill of the latter, that wins battles. But so it is with commerce and industry.* It is the head that moves the body of enterprise. But the enterprise of the brain needs to be backed by the pocket, and it is in the pocket you measure the remuneration of the skill, the genius of the founder of a business, of a captain of industry, just as it is by the commercial value of the copyright that you determine the payment to the genius who wrote the book.

It may be urged that profits are to a very large extent fortuitous. A man has bought land, and the town extends in the direction of his holding, or a railway runs through his land, and he is able to sell his acres at a greatly enhanced price. Some people say that this man's profit belongs to the community, because not only was he a passive agent in the increase of value, but the real increment is due to the aggregation of populations in the neighborhood of his land. But as to that, it is sometimes overlooked that all value in exchange—which, of course, is a different thing from 'worth'—depends upon the existence of the community. Put an end to 'the people,' and you end production, distribution, and exchange. There would be no manufactures, no carriers, no bankers. Indeed, there would be no books or inventions, if the world were as empty as Sahara. But further, as to the fortuitous nature of profits, that is true of all attempts to serve the public. If a man lends money to a government he may lose it by repudiation. If he serves the people in any useful capacity—as a doctor, or engineer—he may lose his practice. If he launches ships upon the sea, their end may be on the rocks. But

* A man's success in trade or commerce depends upon his knowledge, his talents, his energy, his enterprise.

it is these contingencies that courage has to face, and as a fact speculation is not only a product of genius, but it is also an important popular asset. Now, if it is true that profits, rightly looked at, are a right of an adventurer, the outcry against profiteering, which may be dictated largely by the greed and envy of those who cry out, is not only unjustified but silly. It is quite true, however, that some of our recent legislation has rather fostered and encouraged this 'cry.' We know that in the tight place in which government has found itself placed to continue the most expensive war that was ever waged, while they have been lavish in answer to the demands of organized labor, they have found it necessary to place heavy burdens upon those who were making gains out of legitimate industries. At first they claimed the half of all the excess profits which the traders were making, and more recently the tax upon excess profits has been raised to 80 per cent. Of course, the imposition of such a heavy tax has been productive of certain evils. Certain industries, which have been stimulated by the demands which were consequent on the war, are now looking forward to a serious slump when the war and its exigent demands cease; and some of them are pointing out that at the cessation of hostilities their industry must come to grief, to the detriment of the public, unless it is supported by government assistance in the shape of subsidies, or government relief by the taking over of the industry by the state. It is impossible, too, to shut our eyes to the fact that the Excess Profits Tax has led to many and serious evasions. Many companies have learned to conceal their profits by spending large sums upon very efficient 'repairs,' or on permanent improvements, and it is possible

that some legal proceedings—the expenses of which, of course, come off as a working expense before the profits are divided between the earning company and the government have been ascertained—may have been undertaken which would not have been thought of in times when the whole of the profits went to the capitalist. Still, this tax has been popular with the people because it 'fleeced' the 'fleecers'; and it has, in a sense, been part of the propaganda against the tabooed 'profiteers.'

It is possible that such a tax may have been absolutely necessary as a war expedient. Even the uneconomic device of the destruction of useful property by an army which is retiring before an advancing enemy is justifiable. But as an economic expedient, except in such a case of absolute necessity, the tax is one which should be condemned. It is quite possible, as we shall see, that profits should be limited, but that excess profits should be made by manufacturers on the condition that they are shared with the government has some resemblance to protected brigandage. Of course, we know that many of the soundest principles of law and economics have had, in this time of national stress, to go to the wall. Indeed, 'the war' is the answer to every complaint. If the mainspring of your watch cannot be mended in less than three months, your watchmaker explains that it is owing to the war. But there are a good many mainsprings broken at the present time, and there is no immediate prospect of their being set right again. Here is an instance taken from the speech of the chairman of the Bengal and Northwestern Railway at the company's ordinary general meeting not long ago.

'I would like,' he said, 'to draw your attention to a new tax levied

by the government of India from April last, which seems to me to be opposed to all the canons which have hitherto been accepted. This levy, called a 'supertax,' is really a tax on undivided profits. Money paid away in dividends and one-tenth of the net earnings, plus 50,000 roubles, are free, while any balances kept over to meet future liabilities, foreseen or unforeseen, are taxed heavily. Well-managed companies, who lay by reserves for a rainy day, are thus heavily taxed, while speculative companies who divide earnings up to the hilt escape free.' He went on to point out how his company was particularly hard hit by the tax, but surely he was right in suggesting that such a tax upon profits is opposed to all sound economic canons.

But a good many of the government's measures discourage thrift, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer and others tell us that it is only by saving and buying war bonds *now* that we can save the country. Do death duties encourage wise thrift? Of course, it was seen that attempts would be made to evade that unpopular tax, which unwisely treats the appropriated *capital* of the individual as the *revenue* of the state, and so Parliament enacted that all gifts made at any time within three years preceding the death of the testator should be null and void to the extent that the money given should, for the purposes of the duties, be still treated as part of the estate. But, although we have deprecated some of these methods, and have condemned the crusade against profits, there does not seem to be any reason why profits should be unlimited. In the case of everything which is in the nature of a monopoly — while the state has regarded the granting of them — such as Letters Patent, or the recognition

of 'an incorporeal right in the sole printing and publishing of something intellectual communicated by letters,' to use Lord Mansfield's description of copyright — as for the benefit of the community, the state has also recognized that a monopoly limited in time would be sufficient to stimulate authors to write, and 'true first inventors' to invent. So, in the case of copyright under the Act of 1911, that monopoly right, which was under the earlier Act to continue for the author's life and seven years after his death, or forty-two years, whichever was the longer, is now to continue for the author's life and fifty years after his death. And Letters Patent vest in a subject of the Crown the special right or privilege to use or vend his invention for fourteen years. We have pointed out that there is an analogy between the author or inventor and the captain of industry, and while profits are essential to stimulate enterprise and adventure in trade and commerce, there does not seem to be any reason why the manufacturer should have an unlimited right to be rewarded by profits which, of course, come out of the pockets of those who buy his wares. Of course, it is a very difficult matter to draw the line in all such cases, but it is obvious that the profits in all such ventures in trade and commerce should be of such an amount as will induce the capitalists to adventure, and no more. Even with undertakings which, although not legal monopolies like writings, and musical compositions, and works of art, have, nevertheless, become practical monopolies — for example, railways — the legislature has always, besides limiting the charges they could make to the public, also put a limit to the profits they could divide. Sometimes, too, a trade can only be

advantageously carried on by a large capital, and that fact in most countries limits the class of persons who can enter into the enterprise, and in that way a practical monopoly is brought about. It is this that has been the object of many Trusts and Combines. Of course, this is not the place to attempt to indicate what the limitation of the profits of industry should be, for these would, like the interest on money lent, vary in individual cases according to circumstances; but the result of such a limitation would,

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unlike the excess profit levy, make the consumer of the goods, or those who enjoyed the services, to some extent partners in the concern. In the case of gas, water, electric lighting, and power companies, the statutory limitation of dividends has not militated against the useful work of these companies in the interests of the public, and we fail to see why a similar limitation of the rewards of industrial enterprise should stand in the way of successful trade or healthy development.

A MISSION OF MANNERS

BY EDITH SELLERS

THERE WAS * a country house within a day's journey of Bucharest, a city which, in pre-war days, claimed to be smarter than Paris, more essentially western in its ways, more eager to be in touch with the new. And the house was as modern as Bucharest, as western. It might have been designed by a latter-day English architect, so well was it provided with the latest contrivances that make for health and comfort; and one would have thought, to look at it, that it had been furnished by some Bond Street expert. Yet it was on the lower slope of the Carpathian Mountains, in a region that, were it a thousand miles from a town, could not reck less than it does of the West or the new.

The nearest railway station was many miles away, on a great heather-

covered common that stretches all around, with huge mountains towering high above it in the distance. It stood there all alone: I could see no trace of any other building, no trace of any sort of a road. The four sturdy horses that were harnessed, all four abreast, to the odd-looking chariot that was waiting for me, had to make a way for themselves; and glad they were evidently that it was thus. They tossed their heads and threw up their heels in wild delight as off they rushed, helter-skelter straight across the moor, trampling underfoot whatever they met. On they went through hamlets without ever a pause, on through a village once or twice: their business was to reach home with all possible speed, and that they were bent on doing. The country on every side was gorgeously beautiful, but rugged, untamed as the horses. I

* 'Was,' I say advisedly; for, since I was last in the country house, German soldiers have sojourned there.

might have thought indeed, just now and then, that I was in some unexplored land, had I not left Bucharest that very day.

Faster and faster we went, driver and driven waxing more and more reckless as time passed. Then there was plunging and rearing, a sort of mad war dance, and we suddenly came to a standstill. It was before the gate of a well-kept English garden, oddly enough; and a moment later I was in a room that had liberty curtains before its windows, Morris papers on its walls.

'Not one bit as it ought to be, now is it? Not one bit in keeping with its surroundings? Why, it is quite absurd in such a region as this, a startling aggressive incongruity of a house!'

There was a touch of good-humored mockery in my hostess's voice as she spoke. Evidently she knew what was in my mind.

'And to think that it is my own handiwork,' she continued, laughing heartily the while; 'that I planned it myself, every detail, made it just as it is! You are puzzled, I don't wonder. You will find many things here that will puzzle you.'

She was right. The very next morning I saw something that puzzled me sorely; for, when I opened my eyes, four chamber-maids were at my bedroom door, standing side by side courtesying. They all seemed just alike, for all the four were young, and all the four were pretty, with large, dark eyes, the whitest of teeth, and beautiful complexions. And they were all dressed alike, spick and span as new-made pins. They wore white linen blouses embroidered with many colors, blue cotton skirts, and large mob caps. Two of the four walked into the room each with a large jug of hot water in her hand; and together they did the work a well-trained

English maid would have done, did it exactly as she would have done it. Meanwhile the other two stood at the door watching as intently as cats watch mice what the first two were doing. When the work was ended the four trotted off solemnly side by side. And the same sort of thing went on all day. Whenever there was anything to be done, it was done if possible by two maids, while two more watched them do it. Alike at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, there were two maids in the room and two just outside.

Now to me it seemed absurd, wasteful to boot, as I told my hostess roundly, to set four maids to do work that any one maid could do.

'But there is only one maid; and she, Beta, is not a real maid,' she retorted. 'She and the girl who works with her are what you call improvers; while as for the other two, they are apprentices, they are here to learn. They are all here to learn, as a matter of fact; to work too, of course. They are going to be missionaries. I am training them for that.'

'Missionaries! Those dainty, pretty little maids!'

'Yes, missionaries,' she replied sturdily. 'I have sent out several already, and very good work they are doing. They are one of my experiments you see, one of which I am proud, for I devised it all out of my own head.'

'We are in the wilds here, you must remember,' she continued. 'We are — you are quite right — practically a thousand miles away from Bucharest, a hundred years, nay more, behind your twentieth century; and that does not do in this our day. It has to be changed, and I am trying to change it — I have been trying for years. After what I had seen in

America, in England, too, and Germany, I simply could not settle down, when I came here, and just let things drift. One owes something to one's own folk after all; that I learned in England. Besides I did not wish to have on my estate doings of the sort some of my neighbors were having on theirs. Long before the Peasants' Revolt came, one could see, if one was n't blind, that it was coming, was bound to come. The peasants had grievances. They always will have grievances, until they are made to understand that they must help themselves, not just wait about on the chance that someone may help them. My peasants, when I came among them, had no more notion of helping themselves than they had of flying. I had to set to work at once to teach them; and slow work it was, I can tell you; for that serf blood is still in their veins. I used often to think they would never even begin to learn, but they did. I had proof of it when the Revolt came, for they behaved very well then. And they are going on learning. They learn more from these girls, though, than they learn from me. These dainty, little maids, as you call them, are better missionaries than I am. Yet I never intended them to be missionaries: they were missionaries already, indeed, before any such thought entered my head. It was for the sake of the girls themselves that I started my scheme.

'You could not imagine what the girls around here were like a few years ago,' she assured me solemnly. 'They strike you as being bright and intelligent, do they? Yes, they are, many of them, "real smart," as the Americans say. But you should have seen the state they were in when I came here. It appalled even me. It was not so much that they could not read or write, I had never expected that

they could; but they could not do anything properly, did not know anything; and they had no more thoughts in their heads than young colts. They were just as their mothers had been in fact; as their grandmothers, too, their great-grandmothers. It was as if the women up here had stood still ever since the old serf days. And they would be standing still now, I verily believe, were it not for the little missionaries. I do wonder what you will think of them, think of my whole scheme.'

That the scheme was a good one, I had never a doubt; for its deviser is a practical woman, one who has a fund of sturdy common sense wherewith to keep her zeal as a reformer within due bounds. And she was heart and soul in her work, bent for the sake of her country as well as their own sakes, on giving a helping hand to her peasants, putting them, so far as in them lay, on a par with their kinsfolk in towns. She had begun her work among them by building a house for herself, not only, as she explained to me, because she saw no reason why she should live in a ruin with rats, even if she did live in the wilds, but because in a ruin she could not carry out her scheme.

'Your young University men, who go to live in your East End wilds, do not instal themselves in hovels,' she informed me. 'They always begin their work by building a Settlement. This house is my Settlement; that is why it is so up-to-date. A Settlement must be up-to-date. Its business is to show the newest and best methods of sweeping away cobwebs; and how can it, if it is itself cobwebby?'

As soon as the house was habitable, she had started her scheme, I found, building a school the while, the first in the district. By that time she knew all the peasant girls for miles around;

and she picked out from among them the two who seemed most teachable. These two — they lived in different hamlets — she offered to take charge of entirely for two years at least, or four at most, to house them, feed them, clothe them. They would have no wages while they were with her, she informed their parents; but, when they left, she would provide each of them with a complete trousseau, and also with a dowry.

That they would marry she seems to have taken for granted. Indeed, marry they must, if her experiment were to succeed.

Her terms were accepted and gladly: the two girls were speedily installed in her house; and the process at once began of transforming them, as she expressed it, from young colts into intelligent civilized human beings. The work was difficult, so difficult that, had she not had an elderly servant, the most patient of women, to help her, the whole scheme she is sure would have come to naught. For these girls had to be taught how to do everything, things that most girls seem to come into the world knowing how to do; and, what was worse, they had to be made to understand the whys and wherefores of the doing of them. It was by no means always plain sailing at first; for law and order do not appeal to everyone; and teachers and taught alike had trying experiences. Still, natural intelligence always tells in the long run; and Rumanians of all classes alike are extremely intelligent. Besides the very atmosphere of the house worked marvels. At the end of a year, one of the girls was already an expert in cooking, cleaning, and washing; and the other bid fair soon to become an expert. Moreover, they both knew why windows must be opened, baths must be taken, and

why fresh air and exercise are good alike for body and mind. They knew something of reading and writing, too; they had taught themselves in a great measure; while their mistress had taught them something of their duty to their country, and, incidentally, to their neighbors and themselves. Then two more girls were brought into the house; for, under the scheme, four were always to be there; and these second two were set to learn how to cook, clean, and wash, by seeing how the first two did the work, and doing it with them. As time passed they were each in turn taught how to do parlormaid's work, housemaid's, how to make clothes, caps, and aprons, how to grow vegetables, too, and flowers. Nor was that all. A girl's training was not held to be complete until she had learned how to take care of young children, nurse the sick, and give first aid in cases of accident, it being her mistress's conviction that these are the most important of all subjects, barring cooking. She was even expected to know — and had the chance of learning — how to deal with certain simple ailments, and what remedies to give.

Beta's training was already complete when I arrived at the country house. She had learned all that her mistress deemed it necessary that she should know. The time was come, therefore, for her to return home. For the arrangement in force was that, as soon as a girl was trained, she should go and live in her own hamlet, while another girl from another hamlet should take her place in the house and be trained. When once at home, Beta would, of course, be free to go her own way, and live as those around her lived, if she chose. That she would not do, however, her mistress assured me; that not one of those trained had ever done. On the contrary, they had

all tried, so far as they could, to do for their kinsfolk and neighbors what she had done for them; had tried to raise their standard of living, and teach them civilized ways by the force of example; had acted as missionaries, in fact, spreading the light among them. And that Beta, too, would do this she had never a doubt.

'I was afraid at first,' she confessed, 'that as soon as they were trained, they would wish to go to Bucharest. But no, they all settle down here quite contentedly. They get married at once, you see, when they leave me. So far, indeed, they have all been betrothed before they have left. I take care, of course, that they have chances of meeting the young men around; and they can pick and choose among them; for it is not every girl who has a dot and a trousseau. Besides, it is known now that they make good wives; and a well-cooked dinner has charms for every man, peasant or not. I have been besieged with offers for Beta — they are always made to me. She could have a dozen husbands if she chose; and the one she is going to have is a really fine young man. I am hoping that he and she will work together. Still it is wonderful how much good even one woman all alone can do in a village, just by keeping her house tidy, making her husband comfortable, and taking care of her children. Seeing what she does seems to stir up other women to try to do likewise. If a dozen of these girls could be settled in our hamlets every year, instead of two at most, the whole countryside would soon be changed.'

The training of girl missionaries was by no means the only work carried on in this country house. One morning I came across my hostess wearing a white apron, cuffs, and cap of the sort our hospital nurses wear. She

had Beta with her; and was on her way to what she called her dispensary, a room on the walls of which were many little niches packed with bottles, jars, pill boxes, bandages, etc., with all the paraphernalia of a country doctor in fact. It was her reception day she informed me, the day on which all who chose might consult her concerning their health.

'But you are not a doctor,' I ventured to remind her.

'No, of course I am not,' she replied jauntily. 'Still I know something of doctoring, and I have a thermometer. That now is a marvelous help. Why, it tells me almost always whether there is anything really wrong or not, and that is what the men at any rate come to find out. For them my house is a sort of half-way house to the doctor's — his is a good two days' journey away, if one goes on foot. So before going to him they come to me, if they can; if not, I go to them. If they seem really ill, I send for him; if there is not much the matter, I treat them myself. A dose of salts does wonders for our peasants; or clean bandages with plenty of boracic acid, if it is a case of wounds. My real patients, though, are mostly women and children, and with them I know how to deal; for what they need is almost always cod-liver oil and nourishing food. Now they really have more faith in me than in any doctor. They have faith in Beta, too; and so have I. She has a wonderful way with the babies. Babies do not die off here now as they used to do, before we took them in hand, although far too many do die off even now. It is the little missionaries, though, that can do most for the babies. They are close at hand, you see; and can tell the mothers what to do when sudden illness comes.'

Men, women, and children made

their way to the house that morning, just as in England they make their way to the out-patients' ward of a hospital; and advice, warnings, and remedies were dealt out to them there, each in turn, just as they are dealt out in any such ward. Had it not been for their picturesque dress and the lofty dignity with which every man threw his toga-like mantle across his left shoulder, I should have thought myself in England, as I watched the whole function. For the garden through which the patients came and went was as English as any garden in Hampshire; the whole atmosphere of the place, indeed, was English, so long as one remained within the garden gates. Perhaps that was why all that lay beyond, seemed so oddly foreign. That afternoon, when we started off for a walk, a huge peasant, armed with a gun, a dagger, and a long-thonged whip, took up his place behind us.

'Brigands! There are no brigands here!' my hostess exclaimed scoffingly, in reply to an inquiry. 'Why, you won't see even a wolf. Not but that you might have seen a whole pack had you come a month earlier. It is only to keep off the dogs that I take Demetrius with us.'

To take an armed man on a country walk to keep off dogs struck me as being decidedly foreign. Within an hour, however, I was glad he was there; glad, too, that he was armed. For no sooner were we within hail of a hamlet, than some dozen dogs of a sort I had never seen before, and never wish to see again, rushed forth to meet us, howling the while as if bent on tearing us limb from limb. And that they might have done, had Demetrius not been with us; for they were wolf hounds, bigger and stronger than wolves, more fierce and cunning than dogs. In one village we passed

through, a weird-looking priest was walking solemnly round and round the churchyard, beating with a strange rhythm as he went, what seemed to be a large wooden plate. Whether this betokened that he was saying his prayers, or whether it was a summons to others to pray, I could not make out. On some of the graves were little dolls' houses, with glass windows through which we could see lamps burning; and by the side of one of them a woman was kneeling, trimming a lamp. She was beaming with delight, because, as she told us, although she had not paid the grave a visit for many weeks, she had found the lamp she had lit, when last there, still burning. This was a proof, she seemed to think, that her dead husband knew it was through no fault of hers that she had neglected his grave so long.

A monastery we visited one day was curiously reminiscent of western Merrie Pilgrims, Oriental though it was in some ways. When we presented ourselves we were led at once into a long, low building, standing within the precincts, not a stone's throw away from the monastery itself. It was a suite of apartments each one of which was furnished most luxuriously. There were rich carpets on the floors, low divans covered with soft cushions and rugs; and the whole place was aglow with gorgeous colors, purple, yellow, crimson, gold. It was the Ladies' Sojourning House, the Abbot explained to us, a house to which any lady, who was weary of the world and its ways, might betake herself for a season for rest and spiritual refreshment. All comers were made very welcome, very comfortable, too, he kindly assured us; and he seemed quite sorry when he found that we had not come to stay, not even for a week.

It was hard to realize sometimes,

as we wandered about the countryside, that we were only a few miles away from an up-to-date Settlement. Yet just now and then, even in remote hamlets, we came across a little missionary setting her house in order, or a peasant cultivating his bit of land on the most approved modern principles; and neither would have been doing what they were, we knew, had it not been for the Settlement. For it was its founder who had taught them both how to do what they were doing; and of the two it was the man who had been the harder to teach she said.

'Our peasants, the men, are not easy to deal with, in what concerns their land,' she declared. 'I doubt, indeed, whether I should have been able to do anything with them at all had not their wives and daughters helped me. Here it is men, curiously enough, who cling to the past; the women who welcome change. It was only after a terrible fight that I could get even my own peasants to give up working their land as it was worked in the Dark Ages. Some of them have not given it up even now. Yet I spent months at an agricultural college learning how it ought to be worked, just that I might show them.'

That was not the only terrible fight she had had, I found. She had had to face a crowd of angry peasants, who, with their priest at their head, had stood before her door swearing they would break every window in her Settlement, nay, raze the place to the ground, if she did not cease trying to force on them her new-fangled ways. The school she had built was

an eyesore to the priest, it seems. He did not approve of elementary education; he objected to reforms of all sorts, indeed; and had raised up this tumult as a means of putting a stop to reforms by frightening away the only reformer in the district. There was a battle royal between the two: it lasted for months, and in the end, it was he who had to go.

To think of a mediæval struggle going on in that trim English garden; of a woman standing all alone, pistol in hand, at the window of a twentieth century Settlement, proclaiming that she would shoot down the first man who threw a stone! In the Near East reformers have curious experiences, even in this, our day. Still reforms there are well worth experiences. Of that I had proof, as I made my way from hamlet to hamlet. The children who went to the school my hostess had built were much more alert and intelligent than those who lived too far away to go there; they were stronger, too, physically. They would make better citizens, would do better work in the world, would fight more skilfully for their country. Then, in a hamlet where there was a little missionary, there were always more signs of progress than in one where there was not: the babies were better tended and therefore more thriving, their mothers more handy and thrifty, more interested in what was going on around them, less careworn, too, as it seemed. Evidently the girls whom my hostess had trained were doing the work she had trained them to do, doing it well, striving successfully to better the lot of those around them.

THE SHARK'S CAGE

BY W. VICTOR COOK

CHAPTER I

'You see the idea?' said Donald Bruce.

'Top-hole,' answered the lieutenant-commander. He was a very young lieutenant-commander, and his eyes sparkled with an almost boyish eagerness. 'It would be a great scoop,' he said. 'The only thing that bothers me is that we have to be so careful not to tread on the toes of these confounded neutrals. The Canaries, of course, are Spanish territory.'

'The Spaniards,' said Bruce severely, 'should protect their neutrality from abuse.'

'I know. All the same, if there were to be any kind of a misfire, and this beastly Boche once got his U-boat clear of this "Cage" of yours, Mr. Bruce, he would send in a complaint to his embassy at Madrid, and the Spanish government would raise Cain. I wish I knew what the international law of the matter is. You see, I stand to get into a deadly row if I'm wrong.'

The Scotsman nodded his appreciation. 'The whole point of my scheme is,' he patiently explained, 'that we don't aim at fighting at all. We merely seek to kidnap the whole caboodle — ship, men, and everything. Kidnaping is only a civil offense, which anybody is entitled to commit at his own risk. On the other hand, these miserable Huns are systematically infringing Spanish neutrality by using this spot as their base. All we do is to slip into La Jaula before them, lie doggo till the right moment, and then corral the lot and cart them away to

some comfortable internment camp. Why, they ought to be grateful to us for saving their lives!'

'It would be a great scoop,' the lieutenant-commander repeated dreamily.

"Nothing venture, nothing win,"' quoted Bruce.

The young officer gazed thoughtfully at the two men before him. Both of them — the gray-eyed, alert Scot, and his big, silent companion — wore the dress of Spanish peasants. The second man, a swarthy, raw-boned Catalan — 'the Little Bird,' Bruce had said he was called — was much the older. His hair was grizzled, and his brown face was deeply lined, but he looked to have the strength of a horse. An ugly customer, the lieutenant-commander reflected, to have against one in a scrimmage. He had become inured to queer doings since he had taken his first submarine out of Spithead a couple of years before, but the proposition which these two men had come out in a fishing-boat from Teneriffe to lay before him was as fanciful an adventure as even the lieutenant-commander could have desired. Boyish as he seemed, however, he was a pretty shrewd judge of character, and he made up his mind quickly.

'I'll do it, Mr. Bruce,' he said quietly. 'By gad, I wish I could talk to your silent friend here in his own lingo! Do you say you have actually got those fifty Spanish peasant suits in your boat right here?'

'Right here, sir,' said Bruce.

'Well, that's that,' said the lieu-

tenant-commander. He got out a box of cigarettes and passed it. 'Before we tranship them, if you won't think it impertinent, I should just like to hear the beginnings of this business. Of course, it stands to reason that a Scottish gentleman and a picturesque Spanish smuggler — I think you said that is your friend's profession when he is at home — don't go into partnership to "do in" a German submarine all on the spur of the moment. Just for the sake of the yarn, I should be awfully obliged if you could tell me the whole thing *ab ovo*, as we used to say at school.'

The Scot slowly inhaled a mouthful of cigarette smoke and slowly blew it out again before replying. 'There's not much of a yarn in that, lieutenant, though it is true Pajarillo here and I have had some adventures together. Pajarillo means "Little Bird," you know. I don't remember whether I mentioned that the Little Bird had a brother who was blown up in a ship which was torpedoed off Marseilles. That was really the first start of it — the *ovum*, if I may put it so. He took up the vendetta against all Germans from that day forth. And I was lucky enough to fall in with him. Perhaps you have heard of my firm — M'Iloy, M'Iloy, and M'Allister, the wine people, a good old firm, with branches at most of the Spanish wine ports. Allow me.' Bruce produced a business card. 'If ever you are wanting anything in our line, I think we could give you satisfaction,' he said with a smile. 'Well, I am of military age, as you see, and of course I was for joining up when this scrap began; but my people would not hear of it — said I could do more useful work where I was. You see, I know a good deal about the coast traffic, regular and irregular, around Spain, and my people considered I might get in

touch with information from time to time which would be of use to your Service in running these sea wolves to earth, or at least in stopping their supplies. To make a long story short, they were good enough to give me pretty well *carte-blanche* in the matter, and I happened to tumble across El Pajarillo here. Thanks to my firm, I was enabled to stimulate his natural sentiments of hostility to his brother's murderers with a fairly substantial financial inducement — if you take me?'

'I take you, Mr. Bruce,' said the lieutenant-commander, with a grin.

'Well, that was the beginning of our adventures together, and this is one of them. We had a pretty good run in the Mediterranean, but things began to get rather hot for us there. The Little Bird fancied he was getting too unpopular among the Boche U-boat commanders, and we heard there was a chance of doing some useful business around the Canaries. So, for the sake of my friend's health, we came south the other day with an old schooner, the Marta; she's lying in Santa Cruz just now. We had a bit of trouble on the way; but that is another story. A couple of days after we landed, the Little Bird ran up against an old acquaintance of his in a café. The old acquaintance had had to clear out of Spain some years before, owing to a difference with the Customs on the tariff question; and after drifting about Cuba for a few years, he had settled down here in the Canaries, where, I gather, he is doing pretty well. Of course, like everybody else, they talked about the submarine campaign. The Little Bird's friend was n't very pleased with the Huns, it seems, because he has a biggish interest in the banana trade, which is all anyhow on account of the pirates;

but, on the other hand, he mentioned that he was making up his losses to some extent by helping to supply the brutes with necessaries at one of their rendezvous. Well, the Little Bird is pretty slim — don't let him think I am talking about him — and after they had had a few drinks together, he seems to have got his old friend to take him on as a kind of agent to convey the stuff to this place which they call the Cage — La Jaula in the Spanish. You see, the government regulations about neutrality make it a difficult thing to deal in that sort of trade, and the Cage is a nasty place to get at, and the Little Bird had a pretty good record as a daring smuggler at home in the old days; so I suppose his acquaintance thought he would be a handy kind of man for the job. Anyway, he took him on, and Pajarillo got through with a big consignment of stuff in A1 style, and his friend was delighted. The Little Bird did not forget his vendetta, however, and had a good look round while he was there, and a few days later he took me up with him alone on the qt., and we made a further and more detailed inspection of the *locus in quo*, as the lawyers say. And now Pajarillo's friend has booked him to take charge of the next lot of mules going up with the stuff on Sunday night for loading into the U-boat on the Monday. He will take his own crowd with him — half a dozen fellows from the Marta who can be relied on to obey orders. They will deal with the two men in charge of the store and the tackle on the cliff-top. The rest we do for ourselves.

'Won't it be just a wee bit rough on your friend's pal in Santa Cruz?' asked the lieutenant-commander, with a true British sense of fair play.

The Scot smiled. 'M'Iroy, M'Iroy, and M'Allister will see that the

gentleman is not out of pocket on the transaction,' he said.

'Top-hole!' exclaimed the young officer. He patted the great Catalan on the shoulder. 'Mr. Bruce, tell him he's a brick,' he requested.

Bruce interpreted, and the brown, lined face relaxed into a grave smile. El Pajarillo removed his cigarette with his left hand and held out his right. '*Camarada!*' he said.

'True for you, old son!' replied the lieutenant-commander. 'We'll give 'em *Kamerad*, if we have any luck. Now, let's get those fancy dresses of yours aboard, Mr. Bruce, and then your friend can go back with his boat and carry on. You are sure you can point me out the way into this Cage place from the sea?'

'I took my bearings very carefully when I was there,' answered the Scot; 'and though I have never had the honor of piloting a submarine before, I have knocked about a good deal with ships of one sort or another. I think I can promise you.'

A couple of afternoons later Donald Bruce was enjoying the novel, and, to him, weird, experience of standing with the lieutenant-commander at the periscope of the submarine as it pursued its way beneath the waters of the Atlantic along the rockbound coast of Teneriffe. The sensation reminded him of a long-ago day in his childhood, when, with a crowd of summer visitors, he had walked round the table of a camera-obscura on a seaside pier at home, watching from the darkness of the tiny room the crowd of trippers and the bathing machines on the distant beach. Only, the camera-obscura did not sway up and down with the rather sickly alternations which the Atlantic Ocean imparted to the submarine. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and wished the trip was over.

'There's La Jaula!' he suddenly exclaimed.

The shore, perhaps two miles to starboard of them, was a line of high cliff, parched and gray-brown in the hot sun. At a point which they were nearing there was a black slit in the line of sunlit cliff, where some ancient cataclysm of this volcanic land had rent the rocky mass. The slit went only part way up the cliff, and seen from this distance and point of view had the appearance of a mere triangular crack in the face of the rock wall — a crack perhaps ten feet wide at its base, and extending some fifty feet up the cliffside.

'Man alive!' exclaimed the lieutenant-commander; 'you don't suppose I am going to put my boat at that crack! The camel that got through the needle's eye had a cushy job compared with that! What!'

'Wait and see,' Bruce answered. 'The tide is high at present. When the tide is low, the fall of even a few feet that the ocean tides give you here will show you all the difference. You will see that the opening broadens very much at the base. You will then be able to run right up to the cliff, dive as you enter the cleft, run along under water for a hundred yards or so at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and then poke your periscope up again. You will find yourself in the Cage.'

'I say, Bruce,' said the young officer gravely, 'you know what would happen if this little ship of mine hit those rocks in the tunnel?'

Bruce nodded. 'I know. But you won't hit them. If it were a man swimming, he could swim right in without diving.'

'How do you know?'

'Because I have done it, sir,' said Bruce. 'The Little Bird and I swam

it together, and tested the depth by diving.'

The officer stared at him. 'The devil you did!' he exclaimed. 'Well, you're a cool hand, anyway. All the same, it's a deuced rum place.'

'Inside,' the Scot continued, 'it is a great irregular crater — acres of still, dark water, with precipices dropping down to it as steep as the sides of a house, on every quarter but one, and there is our ravine. My theory is that in one of the prehistoric eruptions of these islands there actually was a crater, which burst open here partly under water, and that the sea water, getting down to the underground fires, went off in steam and blew crevices like this on all sides. However, I'm no geologist.'

'No,' the lieutenant-commander agreed. 'But for a wine merchant's clerk, old son, you have some pretty serviceable gifts. I think we'll lie off here till sundown, and then butt in and try our luck in the Cage.'

At dusk, when the submarine, all but her periscope submerged, again approached the cliff, there was a noticeable change. The narrow slit had broadened out at the base till it resembled the mouth of a vast culvert debouching into the sea. On the water level it was nearly a hundred yards across. Inside, it was black as the pit.

'By gum!' said the lieutenant-commander as he stood at his eye-piece, 'it's a shuddery place, Mr. Bruce. I bet that Boche skipper's heart was in his sea boots the first time he went in there! I know mine is. Well, we're in for it now. Here goes!'

He gave the order to submerge still deeper, and had any man been there to witness, he would have seen the periscope disappear in the swirling water at the foot of the cliff. Sunk deep under, the lieutenant-commander

stood in the body of his little craft, and by the light of the electric lamps watched the second hand of his chronometer, with a tense, pale face. At last his hand moved to a lever. The vessel's way was checked. She rose a little, and presently, at the eyepiece of the periscope, a dim, uncertain picture showed itself.

Bruce heaved an involuntary sigh of relief. 'You must come to the surface now,' said he. 'If the Little Bird has done his part we have no observers to fear.' A couple of minutes later they emerged from the conning tower on to the wet deck, and looked about them.

The submarine was afloat in the midst of a deep, gloomy lake, ringed round with beetling cliffs, in whose cracked and riven sides cavernous black openings showed here and there — mysterious witnesses to the terrific force of that long-ago explosion which had rent the island shore. Only at one point in the irregular circuit of the dark lake was there a tiny strip of beach, formed of broken volcanic fragments. This beach was steep too, the water deepening immediately; but against the rocky wall behind the beach was a simple arrangement of tackle, by means of which a gangway could be raised, or lowered to extend a few feet out over the water. At the present moment this gangway was down, and in the dim light, standing at the end of it with a hand on one of the guide ropes, was the tall figure of El Pajarillo, smoking a cigarette with philosophic calm.

The lieutenant-commander rubbed his hands with satisfaction. 'Mr. Bruce, that partner of yours is a daisy. I take off my hat to him,' he said.

The Scot glanced up the face of the cliff above the gangway tackle.

'Yes, it's all right,' said he; 'there's the signal — the Spanish flag hung out instead of the Hun.'

Three hundred feet up the dark rock, a bit of bunting, striped with the yellow and red, hung against the fading daylight.

'The store-hut is just there,' said Bruce, 'and there is a tackle at the top to lower the stuff by. It does n't look far, but it's the better part of half a mile to get there. I will show you where to take your ship so that she won't be seen, and then we'll come back and get to work.'

The submarine went ahead slowly towards the landward borders of the Cage, passing round an angle of rock, which completely hid her from the entrance and the landing stage. She came to one of the fissures in the cliff-side, large enough to take her in complete concealment, even on the surface of the water.

'How will this do?' Bruce asked.

'Top-hole!' answered the officer. 'I'll send my second round here with her when we have gone ashore. Now for the beach, and those fancy-dress costumes of yours!'

With twenty men of the submarine's crew, garbed like themselves, as Spanish peasants, and wearing the silent *alpargatas*, or rope sandals, on their feet, they landed. El Pajarillo saluted gravely as they came up the gangway.

'All is secure above, Señor Bruce,' he reported. 'I delivered my stores into the hut, and sent away all those with me who were not members of the Marta's crew. Then we surprised the German agent and the two men with him. I have put them in a safe place under guard. The German submarine will come in on to-morrow morning's ebb. We have plenty of time to get ready. You have the gear prepared for loosening the bridge?'

'We have everything, Little Bird,' Bruce answered. 'And if all goes as it should, I shall take the responsibility of advising my firm to add 50

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(To be concluded)

percent to your fee for this adventure.'

The old smuggler bowed with a regal air. 'I shall do my best to deserve you consideration, señor.'

KIPLING AS A POET*

'A PEOPLE'S voice! We are a people yet,' wrote Tennyson, one of the few laureates who have added dignity and distinction to the laurel, and made a real impression on the public mind. The noble ode on the Duke of Wellington enshrines the memory of two national heroes, but since Tennyson's day what officially recognized poetry has been of the first order? Alfred Austin was fluent and ridiculous, and the present laureate's efforts require accents on the words to explain how they should be read. The public will never take to its heart, metrical exercises which are so obscure that they need a trained eye and ear to discover their music. One poet only of recent years can be said to have achieved a world-wide reputation among the English-speaking peoples, and he is Mr. Kipling, whose *Absent-Minded Beggar*, skilfully worked as propaganda, at the time of the Boer War, fetched as much as £2,000 a line. Poets have a way of fetching the public with their worst performances. The piece in question was not poetry at all, but it did express a feeling concerning national service by all classes — 'Duke's son, cook's son' — in words that were picturesque and popular. There is a terseness and a sense of point in Mr. Kipling's work — prose and verse alike — which

*Twenty Poems from Rudyard Kipling. Methuen. 1s. net.

give it life. Though he makes no boast of being a prophet, he has been as far-seeing as many tedious publicists who are always reminding us of their early and neglected wisdom. His terseness is a contrast to their prolixity. His war poem of 1914 is written in short lines with no room for superfluities, ending:

There is but one task for all —
For each one life to give,
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

In the nation and the national empire Mr. Kipling has always been a strong believer, thereby earning the disgust and disparagement of certain earnest Liberals. He wrote for the English overseas and some of them at home the pungent query,

What should they know of England who
only
England know?

He preached a forceful creed, occasionally with some crudity, but he was quite right in protesting against luxurious and effeminate young men. His gospel of work and duty was only Carlyle's over again, with a fresh sense of romance in work for its own sake, apart from all honor and reward. His *If*, which is among these *Twenty Poems*, is one of his most effective performances in this vein. In later years his political parables in verse have been rather obscure to the mere

man of letters, and still more so, we imagine, to the public. He is easily understood and better inspired in his poems on the none-sparing catastrophe of to-day. He represents a national feeling that sentimentalism in this war is unthinkable. It is time that we became an Old Testament people and ceased exchanging vague, comfortable words with friends of humanity who are sheltered by fighting men. If the English have begun to hate, they have good reasons for it, as *The Beginnings* explains:

It was not part of their blood
It came to them very late
With long arrears to make good,
When the English began to hate.

The same sense of righteous retribution, of 'burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe' appears in the war story of the German airman called *Mary Postgate*, to which these verses were attached as a pendant. We cannot forget the ever-increasing loss of young lives, the tragedy of charm and brilliance suddenly cut short since 1914. Many a father has withered and agonized in these sorrowful days. There is a poignant sense of loss which is at once personal and national, and of a just vengeance that is due for it in *The Children*:

These were our children who died for our
lands: they were dear in our sight.

We have only the memory left of their
home-treasured sayings and laughter.

The price of our loss shall be paid to our
hands; not another's hereafter.

Neither the Alien nor Priest shall decide on it.

That is our right.

But who shall return us the children?

Otherwise this booklet is representative in including Mr. Kipling's zeal for the sea and ships, and for the poetry of machines. *Gunga Din*, which might have been put in its

place as belonging to *Barrack-Room Ballads*, recalls the time when he first glorified and explained the ways of Tommy Atkins, bathing his verse in a freedom of slang which leaves its traces here and there in his later work, and sometimes in unexpected places. His cocksure air of tearing the heart out of a mystery in twenty minutes has brought with it a fondness for the strange words of particular callings, trades, or countries. How many people, for instance, reading *The Flowers* in this booklet, will know what the 'Kowhai' is, or its habit of scattering blossoms at the turn of mid-winter on Lake Taupo, or that the 'ratas' are 'red-hot' flowers in the Maori tongue? In *The Long Trail*, which goes as far back as *Barrack-Room Ballads* and is also reprinted here, the phrase 'ropes taunt with dew' suggests a misprint or a variation of 'taut.' That certainly seems to be the meaning, but 'taunt' or 'tant' is, though specially used in shipping language, quite a different word from 'taut.' It means 'tall,' 'high,' and is generally applied to masts. The chanty and the ballad, with their easy metre and effective refrain, have had an obvious influence on Mr. Kipling, and his command of this sort of thing, though it may not lead to his best poetry, has done much to popularize his work. So Tennyson, we think, won the public with *The May Queen* to listen to real poetry.

Mr. Kipling is amazingly versatile and adaptable, and some may be content to leave him at that; but under all his mastery of slang and picturesqueness lies a real poet and a real lover of the best of England. If he has revealed the graces of Canada and South Africa, and gathered a garland of strange flowers that our far-flung Empire has made English, he

has celebrated with equal felicity the old-world charm of Sussex:

Green Sussex fading into blue
With one gray glimpse of sea.

We are not grateful to Mr. Kipling for helping to introduce telegraphese and abolishing the semi-colon; and we are already a little tired of the followers who exaggerate and weaken the tricks of his manner. One of them hoaxed *The Times* recently with a slangy effort which had not the snap of the real Kipling, though the imitator borrowed his name and address. These are the penalties of greatness; we condole with Mr. Kipling and remind him that there were several spurious Waverley novels.

When all is said that the devil's advocate can bring forward, we do not see how the genius of Mr. Kipling can be denied. He writes vivid Eng-

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lish; he has the gift of vision; he stands for the English virtues — there may be others more showy and amiable, but we hear quite enough of them — and he belongs to the great tradition of poetry. Any critic of discernment can see that he is a Tennysonian, though he lacks the sleek complacency of the Victorian bard. We get from him instead the rebuke of the *Recessional*, which some may be surprised not to see among the *Twenty Poems*. But its lesson is repeated in *For All We Have and Are*:

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.

The time for boasting and smooth prophesying is past: yet even now some people have not the grace or intelligence to know it.

THE BABY AND THE BISHOP

BY J. K. PROTHERO

THERE were duchesses in plenty at the inaugural meeting of 'Baby Week' at the Central Hall, Westminster, a fair sprinkling of Eurasians, innumerable Welfare Workers, some M.P.'s, the Bishop of Birmingham, and Sir Owen Seaman.

The meeting was called to emphasize the necessity for 'the better protection of the mothers and children of the nation'; and this being so, I naturally expected to find a large and representative body of both these classes. I was disappointed, no mothers demanding 'better protec-

tion' were to be found, and three small infants, who wept unceasingly throughout the performance, represented the 'children of the nation.' Nor were the infants or their parents to be found at the Exhibition of Mothercraft, on the ground floor, where horrible diseases are exhibited, each in its separate bottle, backed by giant labels insisting that 'Eugenics is *not* murder,' and that 'lactic acid fermentation is the unseen foe which lurks in every glass of milk.' Side by side with the bottled horrors and the texts, a slum room is on view showing

how charming and tasteful the habitation can become under the guiding eye of the Health Visitor. Further items of interest include the display of giant charts 'proving' that insanity, blindness, and other diseases are on the increase among the poor, and will lead to the infection of the next generation unless 'welfare' work is made compulsory. For 'compulsion' is the end at which the duchesses, the Eurasians, the M.P.'s, the Bishop of Birmingham, Sir Owen Seaman, and their colleagues and supporters are aiming, though few of them have the courage openly to state the fact.

Some of the speakers impressed me as having a real sympathy with the poor, but the form their sympathy took was to demand further infringement of the liberty of the people, more and more interference of the state with the rearing and upbringing of their children.

The Bishop of Birmingham is enthusiastic for the 'Institution' as against the home. Environment, he told his audience 'may do away with the harm caused by heredity'; children born into a bad home became good citizens under the sheltering wing of an industrial school—witness a case within His Lordship's knowledge, where, of the two children of a poor and bad mother, the one brought up at home is a waster and a drunkard, the other removed from her depraving influence, 'holds a good position in the city!' Even so would 'the fostering care of a good government save the children of the nation.' The Bishop glowed at the thought, choked at the vision of the 'good position in the city' awaiting the objects of state care. It must not, however, be supposed that His Lordship approves of indiscriminate motherhood—even though the offspring be in the fostering care of the government.

'Unmarried mothers,' said the Bishop 'may be feeble-minded—these should *not* be mothers'—a statement hardly in consonance with the announcement that 'Eugenics is *not* murder,' blazoned in the outer hall. Apart from the 'feeble-minded' His Lordship seemed in doubt as to whether *any* mother of the poorer class was competent to rear a child. 'Teach the growing girl mothercraft,' said the kindly enthusiast, 'train her how to nurse, and feed, and tend a child.' For a moment I thought the good man was actually suggesting the mother should act as instructress. I did him an injustice. 'Send them to institutions where experts are engaged,' he boomed. 'There is such an institution near Birmingham where young girls are taught for a period of three months—I wish it were three years—all there is to know as to the upbringing of infants, where, I may add, there are always twelve to fifteen babies *to be practised on!*'

The Bishop's belief in 'the fostering care of a good government' is touching; where, however, does he hope to find it?

In the industrial school and similar institutions. 'Better the worst mother than the best beadle,' said Mr. Bernard Shaw. Does the poor Bishop really believe the contrary? I would implore him to try and do a little clear thinking, to try and realize where his argument will lead. On the one hand he calls for the birth of healthy children, on the other he advocates their upbringing by the state. Does he suppose that women will bear children, healthy or otherwise, if they are to be taken from them, placed in institutions 'to be practised upon' or brought up to take 'good positions in the city'?

Sir Owen Seaman did not openly profess his faith in the industrial

school. He stated that he believed in democracy — if by democracy was meant equality of liberty — liberty for everyone to bring up their children in the best possible surroundings; and having expressed this commendable desire, he went on to emphasize the necessity of the formation of a Ministry of Health with compulsory powers, as to the supervision of children. Is Sir Owen prepared to demand the 'compulsory' supervision of the children of the inhabitants of Park Lane? Does he really think it important that the nurseries of Mayfair should be inspected by Welfare Workers, that the diet of an infant peer should be regulated by a Health Visitor? What then becomes of Sir Owen's belief in 'equality of liberty,' and why does he delude himself by such a phrase? Like the Bishop, he has not thought out his position; he is distressed by the suffering of the poor, and snatches at the easiest solution — he invokes the aid of the state!

The same muddle-headedness characterized nearly all the speakers. Mrs. H. B. Irving delivered a very moving appeal on behalf of poor widows, dependent on outdoor relief. She exposed the working of the poor law system, the callousness of the guardians with the greatest possible effect — what was her remedy? To replace the guardians by the Ministry of Health, to exchange the infirmary for a Welfare Centre! By what process of alchemy does an oppressive guardian become a benevolent official? Why, if an infirmary be harsh, must a Welfare Centre prove benign? Have we not within the last few weeks seen the fallacy of the experiment in the atrocious treatment of the babies at the Sydenham Centre, about which

no one had a word to say, though we heard a great deal of the neglect of the nation's children by poor mothers! Even the advocate of the latter, Dr. Truly King, who insisted we should be ashamed rather than 'proud' of our 'institutions,' suggested that a state grant for the maintenance of young children would be an advantage.

That the mothers themselves should be consulted did not occur to anyone, that they might refuse to see the beauties of 'compulsion' was of no account. Nothing mattered compared with the importance of bringing the mothers of future 'wage earners,' as one speaker phrased it, under effective supervision. There was no suggestion of 'compelling' landlords to build sanitary dwellings, penalizing employers who did not pay trade union rates, of punishing food profiteers, or prosecuting rich men who employed discharged soldiers at sweated wages. Yet all these things affect the condition of the poor mother and her children, and if a little of the energy and influence devoted to securing the establishment of the Ministry of Health had been employed in directing attention to these evils, much might have been done. And when the Bishop and Sir Owen Seaman, their friends and followers, have obtained state supervision of poor mothers, with their control by Welfare Workers, Health Visitors, and the rest, when they have obtained powers to remove the 'children of the nation' from the bad home to the good institution — what remains? The children of the men who fought for the Bishop and his friends will be hopelessly enslaved; the conquerors of Prussia in the field will find the enemy installed in the hearthplace.

THE FUTURE OF THE 'YOUNG PERSON'

MR. HERBERT FISHER was recently described as a 'born Parliamentary.' The compliment, wholly deserved, can have given him but little pleasure. Parliamentarians are not very popular just now, and it is doubtful whether they merited much praise at any time. To be a Parliamentary is to know how to press a measure through the House whatever be the measure's design and purpose, to be able to drive a sufficient number of members into the useful lobby, to possess the sophist's trick of making any cause you like to appear the just cause. All these things Mr. Fisher has succeeded in doing, and we suppose that his Education Bill will pass into an Act of Parliament with as little delay as possible. And Mr. Fisher has proved himself a true Parliamentary in adaptability as well as in persuasiveness. We are told that if a man, unaccustomed to business, goes into the city in middle life, he outdoes in astuteness and cunning those who have grown up in the tradition of commerce. So Mr. Fisher, who has spent many years in the wise seclusion of Oxford, swiftly goes beyond his colleagues in all the arts of the politician. His Education Bill is the bill of a politician, not of a statesman. It was certainly born in a department, and has already lived an inglorious life of some years in the dust of an office. Then some permanent official, knowing that Mr. Fisher was in want of a bill, washed the face of the poor foundling, furbished him up as well as possible, and gave the Minister a chance of conferring, as we are told, a greater benefit upon the world than it has known since 1870.

But is it of such a great benefit after all? It is true that it achieves many ends which seem desirable to-day. It will enormously increase the power of a public department; it will call into being thousands of inspectors and overseers; and it will invent a new set of crimes, which hitherto have escaped the eye of justice. Henceforth any poor boy or girl who, after the age of fourteen, refuses to receive the palatial benefits of what the state calls education, will be fined the sum of £1 for a second offense. Who is expected to pay the money, we do not know. The parents will be charged only if they are guilty of connivance. But if the alternative to a fine is a term of imprisonment, then we may expect to see our jails constantly full, and may wonder piously at the might and ingenuity of the British government.

What is offered as compensation for the new crime and the new punishment we do not yet know. We are told the number of hours assigned to the compulsory process of education. What is to be done in those hours is still a profound secret. Who shall choose the subjects to be dealt with? Shall the enforced student be permitted to select for himself what he desires to study, or shall he be obliged to follow the taste and fancy of others? Probably, as a sort of sanctity hangs about a ballot-box — as the only virtue known to democracy is the virtue of numbers — the poor victims will be invited to vote; and since minorities have no rights, forty-nine will be obliged to learn what is distasteful to them, if fifty-one insist upon it. But however the problem

be solved, we cannot believe that every boy and every girl will ever be free to choose his own method of study and his own teacher. That would be too costly an operation to be lightly undertaken even by those who are desirous of purchasing votes. And how shall the new Act be applied in the remoter villages? In towns some sort of a makeshift may be devised which shall persuade the masses that education is being handed out to them as a useful commodity. But in a village which contains (let us say) twenty 'young persons' ripe for the continuation school, the method of training will not be easy. To satisfy their needs some twenty teachers might be necessary, and these, even the zeal of the local authority would be powerless to provide.

Probably the Act will end in a series of what used to be called 'penny readings,' with magic lantern slides — an ingenious method of pretending to teach without much trouble, and of safeguarding the 'young persons' against any risk of mental discipline. But what is also of great importance is that we should know the purpose of Mr. Fisher's new scheme. Does the government desire to increase the commercial value of our 'young persons,' to make them what is called in the jargon of politics a 'useful asset,' or does it cherish a love of education for its own sake? If national assets are our aim, the only kind of education which will be worth the money will be strictly technical. The 'young persons' of England will be brought up upon a uniform plan, like so many little Huns, and if they do not serve the state efficiently they will be regarded as waste products. And whether they succeed or fail, the process of their education will have done much to abolish that diversity of talent and

temper which has always been the boast of England. We shall have our men and women cast to pattern, warranted to earn high wages and to vote as they are told. But we shall not look to them for surprise or invention. The soul of a part of the nation will be destroyed to satisfy the politicians.

If we are aiming at education for its own sake — the only aim worth attaining — Mr. Fisher's bill is likely to fail also. Education, in this, the only true sense, is not good for everybody, and it can be forced upon all and sundry only with a vast waste of time and money. There are many thousands, in all classes, who rebel sturdily against education of any kind. They are not worse or better than others. Sincere in their dislike of books and all that books mean, they would be far more wisely employed working in the fields or in workshops — in using their hands, not their heads. No good can come of sending them to school until they are sixteen or eighteen, at the public expense, and no Act can hope to succeed which does not admit this obvious diversity of types. Indeed, the only sound education is that which a man gives himself, and that must come always, not by compulsion but by free will. Nor is there anybody less competent to give it, or to suggest how it shall be given, than a government department, and we can only pity the sad 'young persons' mentioned in the bill, some of whom will have education forced upon them, though they hate it, while others, genuinely desirous to educate themselves, will find that they are fobbed off compulsorily with a sample of learning concocted in an office, and duly inspected by obedient officials.

There should be, moreover, a limit set to what is provided freely by the

state. If all our 'young persons' are to be educated for their own pleasure, then it should be understood that they do some sort of national service in return. In the public schools there is not the smallest show of reluctance to serve the country. The O.T.C. is of universal acceptance. But what is good enough for the boys of Eton and Harrow is held to be disastrous for the boys who attend elementary schools. The mere hint that it is sweet and comely to fight for their country must be kept from these tender spirits. With incredible carelessness Mr. Fisher had given the local education authority 'power to include in their schemes military training or drill for young persons between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, who would be compulsorily required to attend continuation schools.' We have been four years at war. We should by this time have learned that it is not wholly useless for boys to acquire some knowledge of military drill. We should not have been so long in beating the Germans if military drill had been permitted in our schools. After all, there is nothing disgraceful in learning the rudiments of defense and attack. As a member of the House was bold enough to assert, 'the training of Boy Scouts is distinctly a form of military training.' But the Boy Scouts are nothing to the government, and Mr. Fisher refused to be led away by an evil example. So he gave 'a satisfactory assurance that there was no desire on the part of the government to introduce compulsory military training into continuation schools.' We are easily persuaded to believe this, and we hope, for the sake of the scrupulous government, that it will never be whispered in the ear of the 'young persons' that England has been at war.

There also Mr. Fisher proved himself a born Parliamentarian. A man who believes 'it would be unfortunate if it should be thought that the government were attempting to introduce anything like compulsory military training into our schools' might have been born and bred in the House of Commons. We hope that he will carry his scruple a step farther, and insist that his teachers should speak always of Swedish exercises, not of Swedish drill. The word 'drill' savors of militarism, and if the boys and girls, who are born into the world for the sole purpose of voting at the proper time and on the right side, accustomed their ears to the sound of so dangerous a word as 'drill,' it is dimly possible that the next war might find us not wholly unprepared. The democracy might even become interested in national defense, and then not even Viscount Haldane would be able to withstand its clamor. However, all's well that ends well, and our young democrats of both sexes will be as closely guarded against the contamination of military drill and 'Chauvinism,' its natural result, as though they were conscientious objectors.

Henceforth, then, from the age of five to fourteen wholly, and partially from the age of fourteen to eighteen, the children of the working classes will belong to the state. They will be fed and taught as the state wills, and if only they were put into uniforms they might as well be living in reformatories. That the working classes should approve of this servile policy is astonishing enough, and yet they appear to support Mr. Fisher's Bill with a whole heart. Now the basis of every strong state is the family, and it is the family and the responsibility which it brings with it that the government has set itself to destroy.

Nor is the paradox mitigated by the reflection that at the very moment when they declare themselves ready to give up their children of five years of age to the public custody, the working classes demand to take into their own hands the sole and undivided government of the empire. How shall a man rule a great state who declines to manage his own household? How shall we dare to talk of freedom when we have put into the chains of a compulsory and undefined system of education all the 'young persons' in the land?

And education, thus freely given, must be paid for, and here we are faced by a second injustice. The bulk of the money, which will be spent upon the training of the children of the working classes, must be wrung from the middle class, upon which taxation falls most heavily. The result will be that the middle class will find the education of its own children, which it has always undertaken itself, increasingly difficult. And this difficulty is the more to be deplored, because from the middle class, independent and self-supporting as it is, comes much of the best talent and the best intelligence of the country. This hardship cannot be exaggerated. The middle class, often worse paid than the working class, which rules us to-day by force of numbers, will be asked to pay for the education of children whose parents are perfectly well able to pay for it themselves. Thus the burden will be put upon the wrong shoulders; the continuation schools will be supported by those

who do not frequent them; and the best profit that the country can hope to extract from them will be the fines levied upon the young defaulters, five shillings for the first, and a pound for any subsequent offense.

Nor is the Education Department likely to stay its hand at the continuation schools. Its aim is nothing less than to take hold of all the schools and universities in the land. All the parents in England are to be dragooned as the working classes wish to be dragooned to-day. The House of Commons has passed a clause which will prevent a parent from sending his sons to any school which the Board of Education does not deem efficient. Eton or Harrow or Charterhouse may easily fall under the ban, and few will believe the Board of Education are fair judges of efficiency. The strength of England in the past has been that she has had schools and universities of many types. Thus we have found men who could perform the widely differing duties imposed by the governance of a large empire. If the ambition of the Board of Education be not checked we shall all be shaped and inspected to a single pattern. We shall all learn the same thing at the same hour, and be fit only to obey the unreasonable behests of a nicely engineered majority. We shall think alike and act alike, and instead of going and coming freely as we please, we shall be packed into whitewashed buildings provided by the government, and there we shall sit, like Peter Bell's party, 'all silent and all damned.'

TAXING THE SOUL

WHAT a luxury may be, the Luxury Tax Committee has some difficulty in deciding. And no wonder, since so much depends upon country, race, society, class, and individual man or woman. *Murray's Dictionary* defines a luxury as 'a thing desirable but not indispensable.' That sounds all very well, but it takes us little farther. A skirt was till lately indispensable to an Englishwoman, but never to a Zulu. A peculiar hat is indispensable to a bishop, but only desirable to a curate. A collar was indispensable to Mr. Gladstone, but is not to a dock laborer. 'I always must, and I always do, enjoy a substantial lunch,' we heard a city man assert, as though challenging mankind. To him it was indispensable; to ourselves only desirable. To such divisions and distinctions there seems no end, simple as the definition appears. No wonder, then, as we said, that the Committee is bewildered. Is it to strike a common measure of the indispensable, and tax all clothing but a raw sheepskin worn for warmth and decency? To tax all food but bread and onions? All furniture but a stove, an iron pot, and a plank bed? These are the bare necessities to which continuous war will reduce us, as it gradually obliterates human civilization. But is it the Committee's duty to hasten the process by taxing every desirable article above that irreducible minimum of need? It is a question of almost inextricable perplexity, and rather than disentangle it, Mrs. Vaughan Nash, Miss Violet Markham, and Mr. Tyson Wilson have resigned in despair, while one member of the sub-committees has sent up a

blank sheet of paper as the only solution.

But on one point another sub-committee is quite clear. Books are a luxury, without phrase. Here there is no call for hesitation, uncertainty, or distinction. Some people may, of course, consider books desirable. That is an idiosyncrasy, a predilection, or whimsy, a fad with which the sub-committee has no concern. Books are not indispensable, and the sub-committee knows it. The members are ready to prove it on their persons. A book is necessary neither as food, raiment, nor furniture. People talk about 'devouring' a book, or being 'wrapped up' in one; they say that this book is fiery, and the other soporific. But the sub-committee is not to be taken in by mere metaphors. It has culture enough to know the difference between poetic imagery and hard fact. It knows that books cannot fill the belly, or cover nakedness, or heat the oven, or serve for bed. Therefore books are not indispensable; they are luxuries; they shall be taxed; and up goes the national credit!

It was in vain that the chairman of the Incorporated Society of Authors, the president of the Publishers' Association, and the chairman of the Associated Booksellers appealed to the sub-committee (which they appear to have mistaken for the main Luxury Tax Committee). The interview convinced them that the sub-committee 'proposed to recommend the imposition of a "luxury tax" on books.' In a letter to *The Times* they protested that the price of books has already been much increased by paper-shortage and other war condi-

tions; that it is impossible to distinguish between 'educational' and 'other' books, because, 'in the truest sense, every good book is educational'; that 'the boon of general literature to-day, alike to our men on active service, our wounded in hospitals, and our people feeling the strain of war at home, is incalculable'; and that books are the food of the mind and spirit, 'the antidote to the materialism we are fighting to overthrow.' All those protests are founded on truth, and tried by long experience. But upon the sub-committee they had no effect. Perhaps its members have never known what joy it is, after long days and nights of mud and rain, or sun and burning heat, after hunger, thirst, and continuous peril of death, to sit down in some fairly quiet and sheltered corner to 'have a bit of a read.' Perhaps they have never known what it is to lie day and night on a stretcher or a hospital bed, sleepless, immovable, suffering, and then to receive a book which, like an enchantment, banishes, not only pain, but time. Perhaps they require no food for mind or spirit, contemptuous of all but bodily satisfaction, and impersonating the definition of the Philistines as 'people who have no intellectual necessities.' Perhaps they think that materialism needs no antidote except rifles, howitzers, and Tariff Reform. Anyhow, the protests of authors, publishers, and booksellers had no effect upon them. They still propose to recommend the imposition of a 'luxury tax' upon books.

'Dora's' Regulation 27c. is bad. It gives our bureaucrats the power of suppressing opinion, silencing criticism, and warping public judgment at will. But the recommendation to tax books, if carried out, will still further enslave the soul. There is a proposal

to draw a distinction between 'educational' books and 'others.' But who is to draw the distinction — a difficult distinction, as the writers of the letter above quoted observe? Obviously, it will be left to the bureaucrats themselves to draw it, and we know very well the kind of distinction that bureaucrats always draw. Rudyard Kipling's books and Conan Doyle's will go free as 'educational'; Bernard Shaw's, Tolstoy's, and Bertrand Russell's will be taxed up to the point of suppression as 'others.' A more insidious and intolerable form of censorship will be introduced. The whole spirit and opinion of the country will lie at the mercy, not merely of the Harmsworth-Bottomley-Billing Press (which, after all, has rivals), but of a few irresponsible and uncontrolled officials and placemen in Whitehall. To their hands, as to the hands of that secret council in the Vatican, will be intrusted the power of forming an 'Index Expurgatorius,' and dictating to the people what books they shall read, and what ignore. Another defeat will then have been imposed upon the liberties for which we believed ourselves to have been fighting four years long. Another fetter will have been clamped upon the soul of a country which once boasted of its freedom, and especially of its freedom in speech and thought.

But even if distinctions of contents and opinion are dropped, and the tax is imposed only in proportion to cost, consider what the effect upon the nation's mind will be. The English are often called a stupid and unintellectual people by friends and enemies alike, and, 'with godlike indifference,' they believe it. Yet the charge is not true. Neither book-reading nor book-learning is conclusive evidence of cleverness or intellect, and thousands of illiterate

people have far higher intelligence than most professors. But still the reading of books is to some extent a sign of intellectual interest, and, however often it serves as a drug, it does in most cases rouse the mind to activity. And the English, we believe, are the greatest book-readers in the world. Certainly, in no other country does one see so many people reading, not merely papers and magazines, but real books, as one sees in our trains, tubes, trams, and 'buses. 'I never was one to care about the *insides* of books,' said a servant girl, and there are people, even outside the sub-committee, who like books best well-bound and arranged upon the parlor table like spokes in a wheel, with the Holy Bible as hub. But our habit of covering books in something stronger than yellow paper perhaps proves more than that we were once a wealthy nation. Perhaps it proves that we feel a certain affection, a kind of reverence, for a book as such, and it is for the sake of the *insides* after all that hitherto we have protected and adorned them so carefully. Even in these poverty-stricken days, do we not call upon our artists to design a 'wrapper' to cover the covering and protect the protection?

The praise of books is too vast a theme for us to enter upon, and too well-worn. Three passages only from England's own great dynasty of writers we would recall rather than attempt so high a panegyric. First we would remember the Poor Clerk of Oxford in Chaucer's Prologue — prototype of all poor students, from whose reluctant poverty the sub-committee now proposes to extort a tax:

For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clothed in blak and reed,
Of Aristotil, and of his philosophie,
Than robus riche, or fithul, or sawtrie,

But al though he were a philosopre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he might of his frendes hente,
On bookes and his lernyng he it spent,
And busily gan for the soules pray
Of hem that gaf him wherwith to seolay.

No such prayers will be offered by poor scholars for the souls of the sub-committee that recommends a luxury tax on books. Denouncing a restraint on the publication of books, Milton cried: 'More than if some enemy at sea should stop up all our havens, and ports, and creeks, it hinders and retards the importation of our richest merchandise, Truth.' As worse than the submarine menace, Milton would have now regarded the recommendation of our sub-committee. 'That early and invincible love of reading,' said Gibbon, 'I would not exchange for the treasures of India.' Gibbon would have condemned the sub-committee as darker traitors to the national happiness than if they had recommended the surrender of the Indian Empire.

We are aware that, so long as the war lasts, taxation must continuously increase, and that even if peace came to shock and shatter the established habits of years, the national taxation would still be enormous to the point of exhaustion. We only protest against the decision of a sub-committee which supposes that the requirements of the spirit are not indispensable, and that knowledge, inspiration, judgment, and spiritual comfort should be taxed as luxuries on the same level as turtle soup, caviare, and champagne. English people are not so gross as the sub-committee assumes, and they will demand that to the last possible degree, even to the edge of national bankruptcy and over it, the spirit shall remain nurtured and free. Are there no deer left in the forests, no

grouse on the moors, no pheasants in the preserves, which still might serve the country for meat if not for money? Let the last trace of wealthy sport be abolished, the last shilling of unnecessary riches be taken, before the whole mind of the people is maimed, crippled, and obscured by a tax upon the chief instrument and consolation of the spirit. Many years ago a pro-

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posed tax on matches raised an uproar. Years before that the window tax was withdrawn as a crime against bodily health. But books are the torches by which the Spirit hands on its sacred flame from one age to the next. Books are the windows of the soul, pouring in upon it the light and air essential for its health.

THE GERMAN SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC PARTY

ITS NATIONAL GENIUS AND NATIONALISTIC INFLUENCE

BY DR. SIGMUND RUBINSTEIN

IN the fury of the war of nations, which hastens the ripening of so many incipient political and economic processes, the German Social-Democratic Party has been imbued with the national spirit. History, in repeating its patterns, does so on a larger scale. The wars of Bismarck brought about the reconciliation of the liberal middle class with Prusso-German philosophy of the state. The world war is reconciling the socialistic laboring classes with the German nation's idea of the state. And the stages of development repeat themselves in the same way. The Liberals have considered themselves opposed to Prussia, although it is the latter who by her economic policy has paved the way for the commercial and social rise of the middle class from the first stages of national consciousness. The Socialists, likewise, had persisted in hostility to the Empire, long after it

had adopted policies of social and national economy, which not only improved the conditions of labor in practical ways but also applied a large part of socialistic theory. State and parties used to lead separate existences in both historical respects, because they had not discovered their close relation. What is more, it is evidence of the real similarity of historical precedents that Liberalism and Socialism found their way back from analogous foreign methods of thinking, into the terms of our own thought of the state. French liberalism and English ideas dominated the system of thought of the progressive middle class in Germany, as it did that of the socialistic laboring class. Both classes distrusted their own body politic because it was not reorganized according to the foreign pattern. Both were taught by war that their demands for public organi-

zation could be complied with and carried out on a national scale. The liberal middle class has since then laid aside its consciousness of separation and merged itself in the nation as a whole. The present war has placed socialistic labor at the beginning of a course which will carry it toward the same result. The nationalization of German Social-Democracy may well be one of the greatest achievements of this war.

In his new book, *Three Years of World Revolution*, Paul Lensch, Social-Democratic deputy in the Reichstag, defines this transformation with a neat formula: 'The state is becoming socialized and Social-Democracy is becoming nationalized.' The process has not affected all the strata of this great party to the same extent. A minority remains bound by the tradition of class-warfare and hostility to the government. Among the majority, moreover, in addition to far-seeing and thoughtful elements that guide the course of the party, and along with others who step on untrodden ground only with hesitation, are many, swift to act, who eagerly seize upon new ideas and spread them with enthusiasm. To these active thinkers Paul Lensch belongs. In his book, *Social-Democracy, Its Aims and Destiny*, which has aroused much discussion and controversy within the party, and in his prolific journalistic writings, especially in the *Glocke*, an organ of the new movement, he contends with skill, eloquence, and great power of vivid presentation, for a fresh survey of socialistic doctrine and practice. His most recent writing presents a theory of the war far-reaching in its significance, and attempts to deduce new arguments for the alteration of the 'inner frontiers' of the German Social-Democratic Party.

Consistently with its origin and

historical connections, the war presents itself to us in Austria as the culminating chapter in the solution of the Eastern Problem. To the German Social-Democrat, Lensch, it is a phase in the history of English imperialism.* Germany has become the opponent of Great Britain. Lensch traces the underlying causes of the conflict according to the example of Marxian doctrine. Germany has grown up, like England, under the influence of the protective tariff in Europe, into a model of modern capitalism. It has become representative of a higher form of economic development. Characteristic of this new capitalism is the merging of industrial and commercial capital with banking credits under the control of high finance. This merging indicates an organization which has extraordinarily increased the economic and political vigor of capital. England's economic structure rests on the wealth of the independent capitalist and unrestricted freedom of competition. The bundling together of capital of various kinds, prudent application of it upon the country's resources, prevention of competition in the domestic market in order to assure a superior position in the world market — all this indicates a higher degree of capitalistic organization than has manifested itself in England. There they were contending over the elementary, anarchical stages of capitalism's development. As long as the other countries remained commercially backward, or, like France, adopted the English capitalistic system, England enjoyed an ascendancy, the foundation of which was the political domination of vast markets

* It is the habit of German journalists and speakers to make England the scape-goat for all they consider blameworthy in British policy; a fact which has its significance as an indication that Germany recognizes the psychological value of the relatively smaller group as an object of antagonism.—EDITOR.

overseas. Free trade was the natural expression of English superiority; inasmuch as it held all markets open to English competition, it would perpetuate the ascendancy of Great Britain. Hence the other aspiring economic fields adopted the protective tariff. Under this system Germany has developed another form of capitalism, which has kept pressing England harder and harder in the world market. The newly-organized form of society and the old anarchical, individualistic economic and governmental policy finally clashed, since in the age of imperialism, which is also the age of capitalism in its maturity, the struggle for the money market and the world-exchange had to be carried on with an ever-increasing proportion of government control. This led to the Great War, according to Lensch the most tremendous world-overturning since the great migrations. In this upheaval Germany is the revolutionary side, England the counter-revolutionary.

This vast revolution which has set in in the form of a monstrous war is preparing a new world. It is liberating unprogressive England with the violence of a thunder-burst. England, according to Lensch, is getting an even more fundamental experience of the workings of revolution on the present scale than is Russia, because she was the most backward in her social system. Concentration of shattered industry, the overthrow of established methods of working through the suspension of rules applying to corporations, organization of capital for industrial use with government assistance for the purpose of acquiring foreign markets, the beginning of the coördination of the Empire's governmental and customs policies, vast preparations for the control of all industries essential to

the continuance of the war and their necessary raw materials, are separate chapters in this remoulding of England.

In war the British Empire is undergoing a process of rejuvenation, the centrifugal power of which is impressive. The social upbuilding of a new England will be the most significantly revolutionary fact among present happenings. Indeed, the new era does not open upon a prospect of peaceful times, but rather upon bitterer struggles for the ruling of the world. The adoption of the German system in an English world-dominion protected by tariff walls would give British capital employed in foreign enterprises a far vaster field of operations than she has in little Germany. The capital of the British Empire, strengthened by the gigantic profits of its great domestic market, would be hurled with unheard of weight on the foreign markets. The world's danger of war would increase. If England retains the conquests which she has made in this war, she will be, especially through the weakening of Russia, lord in Asia and Africa. The world will be so thoroughly dependent upon her that the other nations (including Japan, which is dominated by American influence), will be virtually for hire by Englishmen. The war has thrust the German people into conflict with English world-dominion, thereby revealing her mission in the history of the world and declaring that her interests are those of all peoples. Germany has become, to quote the Hegelian definition of universal history, the protagonist of 'Progress in consciousness of freedom.' Germany must break the English monopoly in order to preserve a colonial empire adapted to her economic needs.

The German people can carry on the fight for freedom—and upon this

point Lensch lays special stress—only if doing so liberates the nations of the world from the fear that in place of the English, a new German world-domination threatens. Lensch would be, moreover, no Social-Democrat if he did not emphatically repudiate any policy of annexation and demonstrate its harmfulness. A single glance at the grasp of affairs shown by the greater part of the German middle class, lovers of freedom and democracy, is sufficient to strengthen one in the feeling that the newly-aroused national zeal of the Social-Democrats is, in many respects, excess of zeal. Lensch is naturally no Pan-German. For a Social-Democrat the gap is too wide. However, if he does not also emphatically decline the 'western orientation' of Germany, and thereby borrow from the stock ideas of Pan-Germanism, the whole course of his demonstration presents a brilliant and lively, although not always comfortable combination of the Social-Democratic platform and the range of international ideas. The Marxian formula, that at certain stages of economic development the systematic regulation of property is antagonistic to the development of new productive enterprises, is an argument used by Lensch in considering the exclusion of Germany from colonial expansion—an exclusion forced by England and her allies. This application of the formula presents a false analogy and suggests to the reader the effort of a Pan-German to effect a compromise with the Marxian system, in order to vindicate the justice of the Pan-German position to the Social-Democrats by appealing to the great master of socialistic theory. Lensch's political opinion deals almost exclusively with conceptions of governmental policy, just like the stinging political terminology

of the Pan-Germans. Along with the portrayal of the dangers of English imperialism as transformed in the war, the reaction from the growing Socialism of the laboring class is given passing consideration. One catches a flash of arguments that lead away from the narrow, one-sided emphasis of theories dealing with policies of force. But this aspect of political development interests the author less. It is soon thrust aside. The unadjusted struggle for the rulership of the world has a more lively appeal for Lensch's imagination. The forces within every nation that hinder imperialism, which had become apparent before the war, were suppressed by the catastrophe. The inclination toward an agreement of interests had been cherished, but directly because of the bitter experiences of the war, this whole set of political tendencies remains in the shadow, regardless of the urgent necessity that men learn to live side by side without devouring one another. Still these ideas belong to the forces for development which are politically alert, and they represent a substantial policy. The English jingo, the infatuated Frenchman who dreams of Alsace, and the Pan-German neglect them. These types represent, in fact, a distortion of the national into the nationalistic. The Socialist, whose feeling for the nation and its greatness expands, is a promising phenomenon. However, one prefers to see him upon clearly-marked national paths than in the thorny nationalistic thicket. But the task of world-policy,—which Lensch reserves for the German people,—of razing to the earth the structure of English tyranny, will seem to other wise thinkers along national lines, to have been already accomplished. The German people have realized in this war the greatest achievement possible

to a nation; they have established themselves, their individuality, their claims, and their way of life by force of arms against a hostile world. To have fought for all nations — this claim the German people do not need to make. Let the world free itself. They regard the universal liberator with as little cordiality as the universal conqueror. 'Germans to the front' has not brought the German people many thanks.

In his writing upon Social-Democracy, Lensch has already declared his stand on internal policies. With her strong and educative force of universal suffrage, universal compulsory military service and school attendance, with her highly developed social legislation, Germany can become the nursery of a labor movement which should not merely achieve a far solidier political position of power than the Socialism of England or France, but should also produce in its intellectual, cultural, and economic creations a 'Labor-Kultur' which would stand without parallel in the world. Under the influence of the political struggle of the laboring class, on the other hand, the German government has been socialized. It was able to accomplish this in advance of the countries to the west, because an executive power has developed in the German people which proved their vigorous independence of the privileged classes in the bureaucracy. The indirect socialization of the state administration and its saturation with the social spirit which characterizes the German government, was denied the western countries, because all-powerful individualism kept the state impotent. The English aristocracy and the French plutocracy based their power on a broad electoral franchise, because in these countries labor, permeated

with the individualistic spirit of their middle class, did not understand how to use the government as an instrument of socialization. French Socialism was never anything but petty bourgeoisie. The English workman strove after privileges. England and France are lands of 'mechanical' democracy; Germany has the progressive 'organic' democracy. State Socialism will be the development of the future. Organization of political economy in place of the anarchic system of individualistic economy of earlier capitalism, is in progress. Whether the organization has a plutocratic or a social character will depend upon the nature of the state. The state the socialization of which has progressed farther will have the sounder national life. Hence, not the so-called democratic governments of the western countries, but Germany, which has been reviled as reactionary, is the model for the future. When the German Reichstag secures control over the bureaucracy, and self-government is developed, Germany will be on the way toward the complete realization of the union between state and people. German democracy will grow, not by retouching the English or French individualistic model but by developing the characteristic features springing from an historically German foundation. Thus it is not true that democracy prevails in the western countries, and autocracy in Germany. It is just the other way round. The western powers are the backward ones; Germany has a higher social system.

The vigorous grasp of essentials of German national existence which shows through these studies certainly reaches below the surface. Lensch justly charges the older generation of German Social-Democrats with blind partiality for the political systems of

westerners, which caused them to forget that Karl Marx, from his socialistic point of view, condemned England as the most reactionary country of the world. The vast Social-Democratic labor-strata have been permeated with the German conception of the state, for which the war has opened the way. This fact presupposes both love and understanding of the peculiar value and creative power of the spirit of the German state. In his youthful national enthusiasm Lensch exceeds bounds a little at this point. In the form of government the spirit of the people — its national disposition, its geographical conditions — finds expression. Surely it is stupid of the English to consider their individualistic form of government perfect, and the German one reactionary. But Germans must be careful to protect themselves from relying upon individualistic systems as the only possible ones. This would be a nationalistic, not a national attitude. In England, according to Lensch's lively account, capitalism is being remoulded under the influence of the war. But it is trying ways of developing further, that will be clearly recognizable as English and nationalistic. The English labor party, likewise, is

striving to free itself from the restrictions of trade-unionism in conformity with corporation statutes. But it is progressing instinctively in the direction of the English national genius. Arthur Henderson wrote in an article that appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* in the middle of December, presenting the national aims of his party: 'It is a socialistic formula, but its practical application will by no means lead to state socialism, in the sense of its earlier proponents. Industrial democracy, sooner than state control of industry, is the loftiest goal we have in sight.' Such avowals reveal the variety of forms in which the national genius may manifest itself. They teach likewise that the same goal can be sought by different roads. Lensch goes prancing enthusiastically along, guided by his new-found point of view, as is natural for a person intellectually active, who takes great satisfaction in forming fresh opinions. Later he may pluck off the gay plumage of the nationalist and return to the sober essential characteristics of the German genius, with which the varied Kulturs of the nations — the wealth flowing from the many-voiced chorus of the peoples — are in reality in consistent sympathy.

The Budapest Dispatch

IMPORTING 'THE NAUGHTY WIFE

THERE was a time when the United States imported its literature and drama wholesale from Great Britain. Without even seeing or sampling the 'goods,' American publishers and American managers accepted an English success by cable and began making arrangements for its disposal before the MS. had been mailed. Those times are now almost historical; needless to say they are poignantly regretted by the English dramatic authors and novelists who remember them, and still, perhaps, are living upon the interest of American dollars easily earned and prudently invested in good securities. America to-day imports very little English literature or English drama, and what she now imports is carefully selected with particular reference to American taste, which is something quite different from English taste. Partly the change is due to the fact that America is growing up (or likes it to be thought that she is growing up), and that she has begun to acquire intellectual and sentimental interests of her own. The Americans now like their novels and plays to be written in the American dialect, and in accordance with standards and prejudices which have no reference to what the English may be thinking or achieving. The old procedure for an American (usually an American woman) who wanted to acquire a standing in the polite world was to read English books — to know all about Tennyson and Browning and to regret that Dickens wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Some of them came to London to absorb the English humanities on the spot. Others merely insisted that the American

publishers should provide them punctually with the English books of the hour. One quaint result of the old American habit was that Americans usually knew more than we did about English classical authors recently dead. We have all met the American traveler in some spot or other, secular to us but sacred to him because Ruskin or Herbert Spencer had done something there. We have met scores of Americans of the older generation who could tell us more than we had ever heard or dreamed of concerning some celebrated author or other whom they were taking very seriously and we were taking for granted. Americans do not take English authors seriously to-day. If an English author desires admittance to the American market in these days he must study American life and consult American taste, and the studying and consulting of America is usually fatal to his prestige at home. If an author fails to win the approval of the best English critics, it is not a bad plan for him to see what he can do on the other side of the Atlantic. The Americans may admire in him the qualities which we most heartily dislike. The English authors who succeed in America to-day often seem to be parting with their English birthright for a mess of American pottage. Consider the case of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne or of Mr. Alfred Noyes. Of the adaptability in taste and intelligence required for naturalizing an English author in Chicago we will say nothing, for the moment. A nation which has just knighted the Manxman and suffered Mr. Pemberton Billing must be shy

for a while of alluding to such matters.

The immediate motive of our reference to the changed conditions ruling in the American literary market is the successful production in London of two American farces — *The Naughty Wife* at the Playhouse and *Fair and Warmer* at the Prince of Wales. Nothing could more signally proclaim the downfall of London as the leading theatrical clearing-house of the world than these two importations. It is not simply that they are American by hall-mark. We have long been reduced to importing American plays by dozens, owing to the gradual stifling of English dramatic activities by the theatrical undertakers and showmen who now manage the bulk of our entertainments. What is even more significant than the American trademark of these plays is their French origin. We now import from America, not only American plays of American life and of an American type, but also plays which the Americans have themselves imitated from Paris. We are apparently no longer equal to the miserable business of bowdlerizing and adapting French farce for London consumption. To get to the boulevards we go to Broadway. London, which once supplied New York with English plays, now goes to New York for plays which are not even American. There is nothing in either of the American farces under discussion which could not be as well done in London by any playwright who had made a study of the French farce of intrigue.

The English playwrights in this particular are getting the French-

American farces they deserve. Nothing has been more pitiable in English theatrical history than the way in which London has persisted in accepting Paris as a model for farce, without even having come at the spirit or having so much as accepted the root assumption on which the French models are based. For generations we have tinkered and toyed with the French farce of intrigue, attempting at the same time to enjoy its impropriety and to make it respectable. The ordinary bowdlerized farce from Paris, with its wit emasculated, its meaning mislaid, its humor blunted or disguised, never had a chance against any play, however derived, which had in it a vestige of life. The public mind could only think of such 'bodiless creations' as Cleopatra thought of Mardian. The American farce-writers, who model themselves on Paris, handle their material fearlessly and skillfully. Their work is derived, but it is honestly derived. They exploit the humor of man's infidelity to woman and woman's infidelity to man with precision and clarity. They know what they are about, and do not, like our English authors, pretend that they are about something entirely different. They make their points and do not continually avoid them. They have studied their models carefully, they realize exactly where the fun comes in; and they set to work to do the same sort of things themselves, starting from first principles. There is no reason why the English should import *The Naughty Wife* at great expense from Paris. There is still less reason why they should import her from New York.

VIRTUE

THERE is grave danger of a revival of virtue in this country. There are, we know, two kinds of virtue, and only one of them is a vice. Unfortunately, it is the latter, a revival of which is threatened to-day. This is the virtue of the virtuously indignant. It is virtue that is not content merely to be virtuous to the glory of God. It has no patience with the simple beauty and goodness of the saints. Virtue, in the eyes of the virtuously indignant, is hardly worthy to be called virtue unless it goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom it may devour. Virtue, according to this view, is a detective, inquisitor, and flagellator of the vices — especially of the vices that are so unpopular that the mob may be easily persuaded to attack them. One of the chief differences between the two kinds of virtue, we fancy, is that while true virtue regards the mob-spirit as an enemy, 'simular' virtue (if we may adopt the Shakespearean phrase) looks to the mob as its cousin and its ally. To be virtuous in the latter sense is obviously as easy as hunting rats or cats. Virtue of this kind is simply the eternal huntsman in man's breast, with eyes aglint for a victim. It is Mr. Murdstone's virtue — the persecutor's virtue. It is the virtue that warms the bosom of every man who is more furious with his neighbor's sins than with his own. If virtue is merely an inflammation against one's neighbor's sins, what man on earth is there so mean as to be incapable of it? To be virtuous in this fashion is as easy as lying down in the gutter. Those who abstain from it, do so not out of lack of heart, but from choice. One has read of the popular-

ity of the ducking-stool in former days for women taken in adultery. Savage mobs of men may have thought that by putting their hearts into this amusement they were making up to virtue for the long years of neglect to which, as individuals, they had subjected her. They might not have been virtue's lovers, but at least they could be virtue's bullies. After all, virtue itself is no bad sport, when chasing, kicking, thumping, and yelling are made the chief part of the game. Sending dogs coursing after a hare is nothing to it. Man's enjoyment of the chase never rises to the finest point of ecstasy save when his victim is a human being. Man's inhumanity to man, says the poet, makes countless thousands mourn. But think also of the countless thousands that it makes rejoice! One should always remember that the Crucifixion was an exceedingly popular event, and in no quarter more so than among the virtuously indignant. It would probably never have taken place had it not been for the close alliance between the virtuously indignant and the mob.

To be fair to the virtuously indignant and the mob, they do not insist beyond reason that their victim shall be a bad man. Good hunting may be had even among the saints, and who does not enjoy the spectacle of a citizen distinguished mainly for his unblemished character being dragged down into the dust? We have no reason to believe that the people who were burned during the Inquisition were worse than their neighbors, yet the mob, we are told, used to gather enthusiastically and dance round the

flames. The destructive instincts of the mob are such that in certain moods it is ready to destroy any kind of man, just as the destructive instincts of a puppy are such that in certain moods it is ready to destroy any sort of book — whether Smiles's *Self-Help* or *Mademoiselle de Maupin* is a matter of perfect indifference. The virtuously indignant maintain their power by constantly inciting and feeding this appetite for destruction. Hence, when we feel virtuously indignant, we do well to inquire of ourselves if that is the limit and Z of our virtue. Have we no sins of our own to amend that we have all this time for barking and biting at the vices of our neighbors? And if we must attack the sins of our fellows, would it not be the more heroic course to begin with those they are most tempted by, instead of those to which they have no mind? Do not let the drunkard feel virtuous because he is able with an undivided heart to denounce simony, and do not let the forger, who happens to be a teetotaler because of the weakness of his stomach, be too virtuously indignant at the red-nosed patron of the four-ale bar. Any of us can achieve virtue, if by virtue we merely mean the avoidance of the vices that do not attract us. Most of us can boast that we have never been cruel to a hippopotamus, or had dealings with a succubus, or taken a bribe of a million pounds to betray a friend. On these points we can look forward with perfect confidence to the scrutiny of the Day of Judgment. We fear, however, the Recording Angel is likely to devote such little space as he can afford to each of us, to the vices we have rather than to the vices we have not. Even Charles Peace would have been acquitted if he had been accused of brawling in church instead of murder.

Hence we trust that passengers in railway trains will not remain content with gloating down upon the unappetizing sins of which the forty-seven thousand are accused. Steep and perilous is the ascent of virtue, and the British public may well be grateful to Mr. Billing and Mr. Bottomley if they help it with voice or outstretched hand to climb to the snowy summits. So far as we can see, however, all that Mr. Billing and Mr. Bottomley do is to interrupt the British public in its upward climb and orate to it on the monstrous vices of the Cities of the Plain. This may be an agreeable diversion for weary men, but it obviously involves the neglect of virtue, not the pursuit of it. Most people imagine that to pursue vice is to pursue virtue. But the wisdom of the ages tells us that the only thing to do to vice is to fly from it. Lot's wife was a lady who looked round once too often to see what was happening to the forty-seven thousand. Let Mr. Billing and Mr. Bottomley beware. Their interest in the Cities of the Plain will turn them into pillars of salt a thousand years before it turns them into pillars of society.

As for virtue, then, how is it to be achieved? Merely by blackening the rest of the world, we cannot hope to make ourselves white. Modern people tell us that we cannot make ourselves white even by blackening ourselves. They denounce the sense of sin as a sin, and tell us that there is nothing of which we should repent except repentance. We need not stay to discuss this point. We know well enough that so long as the human intellect (to leave the human conscience out of the question) survives, men will be burdened with the sense of imperfection and think enviously of the nobility of Epaminondas, or Julius Cæsar, or St. Francis of Assisi.

For we have to count even Julius Caesar among the virtuous, though the scandalmongers would not have it so. His vices may have made him bald and brought about his assassination. But he had the heroic virtues — courage, and generosity, and freedom from vindictiveness. When we read how he wept at the death of his great enemy, and how 'from the man who brought him Pompey's head he turned away with loathing, as from an assassin,' we bow before the nobility of his character and realize that he was something more than a stern man and an adulterer. Pompey, too, had this gift of virtue — this capacity for turning away from foul means of besting his enemies. When he had captured Perpenna in Spain, the latter offered him a magnificent story of a plot, the knowledge of which would have put the lives of many leading Romans in his power. 'Perpenna, who had come into possession of the papers of Sertorius, offered,' says Plutarch, 'to produce letters from the chief men of Rome, who had desired to subvert the existing order and change the form of government, and had therefore invited Sertorius into Italy. Pompey, therefore, fearing that this might stir up greater wars than those now ended, put Perpenna to death and burned the letters, without even reading them.' It was hard on Perpenna, but in burning the letters at least Pompey gave us an example of virtue. It is Plutarch's

The New Statesman

exquisite feeling for the beauty of such noble actions that has made his biographies primers of virtue for all time. None of his heroes are primarily 'good' men. There is scarcely one of them who could have been canonized by any church. They have enough of the weaknesses of flesh and blood to satisfy even the most exacting novelist of modern days. On the other hand, they nearly all had that capacity for grandeur of conduct which distinguishes the noble man from the base. Plutarch never pretends that mean and filthy motives and generous motives do not jostle one another strangely in the same breast, but his portraits of great men give us the feeling that we are in presence of men redeemed by their virtues rather than utterly destroyed by their vices. Suetonius, on the other hand, is the historian of the forty-seven thousand. His book may be recommended as scandalmongering, hardly as an aid to virtue. Here we have the servants' evidence of Roman history, the plots and the secret vices. Suetonius, fortunately, has the grace not to write as though in narrating his story of vice he were performing a virtuous act. If we are to have stories of fashionable sinners, let us at least have them naked, and not dressed up in the language of outraged virtue. Scandal is sufficiently entertaining in itself. There is no need to sweeten it with self-righteousness.

WARTIME FINANCE

INDUSTRIAL LEADING STRINGS

'THAT state control of and restrictions upon industries arising out of war conditions, which have been recognized and accepted during the war, but which we consider are detrimental under normal conditions, should be removed as soon as possible after the conclusion of peace.' This is the last of the conclusions arrived at by the departmental committee appointed by the Board of Trade to consider the position of the textile trades after the war. (See Report Cd. 9,070, 1s. 3d.) And yet in this and several other reports of departmental committees that have just appeared, we find industry making various claims for state assistance by tariffs and otherwise. What does industry want? It need not flatter itself that in these times it will be spoon-fed by the state at the expense of the consumer or the taxpayer, and nevertheless left free from control and regulation. As Sir Alfred Booth pointed out in his reservations concerning the Balfour of Burleigh report, 'the price of protection must be state control of prices and wages.' Sir Alfred added that in his opinion industry cannot afford to pay such a price, and most people, after recent exhibitions of official waste and ineptitude, are likely to agree with him. Industry will make a very bad blunder if it begs for state aid and forgets the price that it will have to pay. Naturally, perhaps, when committees ask it what it wants, it thinks that it would like raw materials imported free of duty, with their supply stimulated by the state, and a ring-fence against the manufactured products of

foreign competitors. Most industrials, looking at the interest of their own industry alone, would paint their ideal in these colors. Even the cotton industry, though it does not appear to have called for a tariff, seems to think that it is the business of the government to develop cotton growing within the Empire. The British Cotton-Growing Association, it says, 'is practically at the end of its resources.' Why so? If cotton is to be had in plenty within the Empire, surely the great Lancashire industry has enough money and independence and energy to set about growing it for itself, rather than crying out for state help.

The wool industry shows a very interesting statistical position, with depleted stocks and a greatly increased demand. 'The finer merino wools are virtually a monopoly of the British Empire,' which is thus 'in a position completely to control the supplies of raw material for the German fine-wool dress-goods trade.' And so the government is recommended to convene a conference of representatives of the governments of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa to 'formulate a workable scheme with a view to fulfilling the pledges of the Paris Conference, the safeguarding of British industrial requirements, and the utilization of the wool resources of the Empire 'as a means for bargaining or otherwise.' We can only hope that the industry will be pleased with the result.

Silk wants raw and waste silk admitted free of duty; thrown silk and spun silk yarns, from Allies, free or with a small duty; from neutrals, 18 per cent duty. Piece goods and made-

up goods to have a tariff as follows: 15 per cent *ad valorem* from Allies, 20 to 25 per cent from neutrals; 12 to 16 per cent for undyed piece goods from China and Japan; 40 per cent on all silk manufactures from enemy countries; no tariff on goods from any part of the British Empire — a concession that will be highly appreciated, in view of the minute supplies received from it. Whether our Allies will welcome the duty of 15 per cent recommended against them may well be doubted.

The Electrical Trades Committee (Cd. 9,072) also makes some interesting observations and recommendations. For the present it must suffice to note that it desires 'the imposition of import duties sufficiently high to protect effectively the electrical industry.' The Iron and Steel Trades Committee (Sir Hugh Bell and Mr. John E. Davison vigorously dissenting), 'are convinced that for the future safeguarding of the industries it will be necessary to establish a system of protective duties' (Cd. 9,071). The Engineering Trades Committee (Cd. 9,073) makes the interesting statement that, 'while the majority of the committee consider that punitive enactments against Germany and her Allies alone will not meet the case, and that import duties are necessary to secure the end desired, we have not been able as a committee to arrive at unanimity. . . . The majority of us believe that the financial needs of the country after the war will compel the imposition of custom duties for revenue purposes, and will thus automatically bring about the system of trade protection which the majority of the committee believe to be necessary.' Sits the wind so? We doubt whether the consumer will be deluded by this sophistry. The finan-

cial needs of the country will require so much revenue that it will have to be raised in the cheapest and most efficient way. Protection is the most wasteful way of providing it, because, under it, a large part of what the community pays goes, not to the state, but into the pockets of the manufacturers whom it pampers.

To complete the batch, the Agricultural Policy Sub-Committee (Cd. 9,079), though it argues effectively in favor of the guarantee, which has been adopted, rather than a tariff, at the same time records its opinion that 'if the state, for reasons of general policy, were to adopt a tariff on manufactured goods, then a tariff corresponding in degree (with the necessary differentiations between the products of the Empire, of allied, and of other countries) should be imposed on imported foodstuffs such as dairy produce, meat, and corn, and that special consideration should be shown to the produce of the more intensive forms of agriculture (of which fruit and hops, or flax, may be cited as examples), where the capital invested, and the annual expenditure in cultivation, and the proportion of that expenditure on labor, are particularly large.'

It would be a great mistake to suppose from the unison of this tariff-begging chorus that the cause of free trade is dead in this country. Each industry would like protection for itself if it is subject to foreign competition; but whether each industry would like to see it applied all round with the inevitable effect on prices and wages, is a very different question. Moreover, there is the attitude of the consumer to be considered. It must also be remembered that most of the reports quoted above were drawn up before the entry of the United States into the war. This great fact and the noble ideals of economic freedom

preached by President Wilson have altered the outlook of most thinking people as to the objects to be secured by peace, when we get the right one. Among these objects trade ring-fences are not usually prominent. To secure the right peace the economic position of the Allies, especially with regard to control of raw materials, is a doughty diplomatic weapon, if our rulers were capable of diplomacy.

The Economist

WAR LOANS NOW AND FORMERLY

It is indicative of the big figures which have accompanied the war period that we should now be raising in one week indebtedness which but a few years ago would have been regarded as so gigantic an operation as to require instalments spread over a considerable period to avoid dislocation of the money market. Thus, no further back than 1900, the flotation (at the time of the Boer War) of a loan for £30,000,000 was regarded as almost an epoch-making event. Writing after the issue, the *Bankers' Magazine* said:

March, 1900, will be long remembered in the city on account of the flotation of a National War Loan for £30,000,000. Notwithstanding the many additions which have been made to the national debt of the country, probably no one of the present generation has witnessed the flotation of so large a British loan at one time, and that in the form of a direct offer to the public. Even at the period of the Crimean war the largest issue was about £16,000,000, and that was taken in the first place by financial houses, and not by the public.

And, indeed, so large was this war loan of 1900 considered (it was over-applied for, however, more than ten times) that only 3 per cent of the total was paid on application, while the remaining instalments were spread over the period of nearly nine months. Yet nowadays a loan of £30,000,000 would not suffice to pay for one week of the war expenditure of Great

Britain alone,—to say nothing of the expenses of the other belligerents,—while, as we have just seen, a larger sum than £30,000,000 has been raised in this market almost as a matter of course during the space of one week. Needless to say, the wealth and resources of the world have grown greatly since 1900, but all the same, it is well to recognize not only the terrific scale of present war expenditure but the fact that it is being duly met by huge expansions in credit.

The London Post

CONDITIONS IN MEXICO

CONDITIONS in Mexico appear now to be showing definite improvement, and, although it is difficult to see far ahead, and impossible to forecast the financial policy of the government, there can be no doubt that America's entry into the war has had an important, if indirect, influence upon events in Mexico. The existence of a big United States army has given the Mexicans tough food for reflection, and it looks as if peace may now dwell where turmoil has reigned for the last few years. Men on the spot are best able to judge, and their opinion, at any rate in the oil districts around Tampico and Tuxpam, is expressed in a revival of active drilling and a considerable increase in production. Mining operations in various parts are making progress, too, and it may be hoped that the railways, tramways, and other public utilities in which British and American capital is interested will be able to resume work in a practical manner. A great deal of leeway has to be made up before the properties can attain to the conditions prevailing in the days of Porfirio Diaz; but peace in Mexico means prosperity sooner or later, and those who purchase Mexican securities as a lock-up can hardly fail to see a profit in time.

The Saturday Review

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

An Italian family settling in a two-story shanty in a marsh on the outskirts of a tidy New England village are the *Sunshine Beggars* of Sidney McCall's new story. The simple episodes of their daily life by which the prejudices of their curious neighbors are overcome—their cheerful industry, the tenderness of the older children for the little ones, the devotion of all to the invalided father and hard-working mother, and especially the magical success of their flower garden—make a readable narrative, and one which should do good. Little, Brown & Co.

Sir A. Quiller-Couch has a new volume in preparation with the Cambridge University Press entitled *Studies in Literature*. Three essays are included on *Some Seventeenth Century Poets*; two on *Patriotism in English Literature*; and others on *The Poetry of George Meredith*, *The Poetry of Thomas Hardy*, *The Horatian Model in English Verse*, *The Terms 'Classical' and 'Romantic'*, *Charles Reade*, *Swinburne*, reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*; and *Coleridge* and *Matthew Arnold*, which have already appeared as introductions in the *World's Classics* series.

A section on Canadian poetry, represented by Isabella Valancy Crawford, W. H. Drummond, Archibald Lampman, and Harold V. Wrong, is included in Mr. Humphry Ward's new volume of selections in the *English Poets* series, which the Macmillan Co. will have ready in the course of a few weeks. Besides the main collection, which begins with Browning and ends with such recent poets as Lionel John-

son and Rupert Brooke, there is also a section of humorous verse, represented by Thackeray, Gilbert, Calverley, Frederick Locker-Lampson, A. C. Hilton, and J. K. Stephen.

The most daring journalistic venture of the present day is *La Libre Belgique*, which the Germans have vainly tried to suppress. The *Manchester Guardian* states that it began its career in February, 1915, announcing boldly that '*La Libre Belgique* will live in spite of persecution, because there is something stronger than *Kultur*, something stronger than the Germans—the truth!' And, despite the threat of heavy fines, the Belgians persisted in reading the paper. The methods of circulating *La Libre Belgique*, of course, have always been precarious and without system. The first issue contained the inscription: 'Price, elastic—from zero to the infinite; vendors will please not go beyond that limit.' And under the heading of 'Officers and Administration' we are told: 'Inasmuch as it is impossible for us to have these in a place of complete security, they are located in a cave automobile.' In a later issue the editor actually printed (presumably to give the Germans a sporting chance in their attempts to identify the hornets' nest) a photo of this 'cave automobile.' But the authorities were not clever enough to turn the clue to advantage. *La Libre Belgique* was published fifty-six times in 1915, forty-eight times in 1916, and eleven times in the first three months of 1917, and to this day it continues its daring career—a mystery and a constant irritation to the enemy.

THE DRYADS

(Dedicated to the Women's Land Army)

BY EVOE

From out the dreaming forest's span,
Where all day long in flower-time
They listened to the pipe of Pan
Or round the young Iacchus ran
In raiment even shorter than
Is quite the thing in our time;

From marble fount and leafy nook,
From terraced lawns and shady,
Where Thais of the ribboned crook
Her dancing curls at Daphnis shook
Till Daphnis got fatigued and took
Up with some other lady;

They come, they come. But where are
now

Your silks, ye shepherdesses?
Where are the vine-leaves off your
brow

And hung on what low-swinging bough
Your panther skins, which you'll
allow

Are somewhat draughty dresses?

They come with pitchforks all a-poise,
And 'Business first' their motto;
With hobnailed boots and corduroys
The pageant of the nymphs deploys;
Beside them Botticelli cloys,
So do the works of Watteau.

Observe Corinna where she moves,
With bumpkin supervisors,
Along the valley's shining grooves,
With crack of whip and stamp of
hooves;

And Lalage! how she improves
The soil with fertilizers.

The south wind and the west wind
blow;

O'erhead the catkin dangles;
And here and there on clumping toe
The clodbound hamadryads go;
There is n't much that they don't
know

About the price of mangels.

And not for Spring's command they
stayed

Like those whom legend hallows;
On Winter morns they took the spade
While lingering Phœbus yet delayed,
They did their hair without a maid
And trudged the miry fallows.

Then here's the nymph! She played
about

Too long, too long looked showy
In pagan masque and revel rout,
But when she heard the war-god's
shout

One must admit she did come out
Extremely strong, did Chloe.

And when she seeks the pillow's down
To lay her weary forehead on
She dreams not of her old renown,
The lynx's pelt, the paniered gown,
But plumes herself on wearing brown
Et ceteras like Corydon.

Punch

ANTIQUITIES

BY LANCELOT HOGBEN

There are crags upon the moorland
where the Druid stones lie low,
And the bones of men lie buried, and
the heather breezes blow
From over the clear sky-line as far as
a man may see,
From the wide, resplendent South
lands and the summer-scented
sea.

Men have left but a little dust where
the Druid stones still lie:

Men are swiftly forgotten; but the
false faiths slowly die:

They stand there in the moonlight,
cold and a ghostly white,

The faith that feeds on the fear of men
who walk alone in the night.

The ling and the heather blossom
above the old, old graves,

And the wind is wafted thither from
the swift spray-singing waves:

The flowers that fade and wither, the
purple and the red,

The blast of the same old struggles
blown from the sleep of the dead.

The Athenæum.